SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCI, NO. 1 JANUARY, 1932

An Editorial Announcement

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, in this first number of its 46th year, appears in a new form. This form has been adopted after careful investigation and study as most clearly in accord with modern advances in magazine technic, and emphasizes by outward sign the development of our editorial programme which has been in progress for some months.

In the early days magazines were, in content, supplementary monthly books; many of them were merely monthly instalments of a book.

As magazines evolved into definite fields of their own they emerged in new forms. SCRIBNER'S has taken its present form as best suited to the new world and the new audience attracted by SCRIBNER'S policy.

During the past two years three important features have been added to the Magazine:

1. A short novel complete in each issue.
2. "Straws in the Wind," a department of brief articles showing the trend of the times.
3. "Life in the United States," personal records of actual experience and observation of American life.

The new policy has made SCRIBNER'S primarily a magazine of human interest in the best sense of the phrase, a magazine which centres its attention on American life.

All of these features, frankly experimental at their inception, have been cordially received. The Magazine has weathered the trying years of 1930 and 1931 with a remarkable vote of confidence from its readers.

Now in this January SCRIBNER'S a new note sounds. As Struthers Burt's important article "This Subtle Land" inaugurated a striking group of articles on America, and acted as a foreword for our "Life in the United States" series, so the article "A Search for the Centre," by Charles A. Beard, in this issue signifies the beginning of a new development.

The forces of chaos have been at work since the War. Old loyalties have been destroyed. Nothing has been substituted for them. From the chaos must come a new point of view, a new appreciation of American civilization and new forces to direct its course.

In SCRIBNER'S we shall strive to integrate that point of view. In working toward that end we shall continue to make free discussion an important feature of our editorial programme. We believe that examination of other points of view than the orthodox can only be helpful, and we have faith in the vitality and sturdy quality of the United States.

Doctor Beard modestly says in reference to his article: "It represents my best effort (which is poor enough, heaven knows) but perhaps it will move some competent minds to wrestle with the problem." We have asked a number of the country's leaders to state their idea of a new way of life for America. And we believe this move will bring forth important constructive results.

We shall continue our fiction policy which has made SCRIBNER'S the chief medium for bringing the new leaders of American literature before the public—leaders such as Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner, Evelyn Scott.

SCRIBNER'S has created a place distinctly its own, as a timely, brief, sharp commentary on the United States of to-day, on the lives we live, and a field for the new vigorous writers of our own time.

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A SEARCH
CEN
A CHALLENGE TO

By Charles

A new way of life for the United States—a twentieth-century way to replace the dusty paths of the nineteenth century which we are now treading—is the need of the day. Doctor Beard, author of "The Rise of American Civilization," calls for the hoisting of a moral

"Our confused civilization," as John Dewey says in one of his later essays, is in need of "direction and illumination." On all sides this is admitted. Distinguished public men, such as Daniel Willard and Nicholas Murray Butler, call upon society to put its house in order and establish a more rational scheme of economy. The demand for national, state, regional, and urban planning is a symptom of the age, a symptom not to be dismissed by cries of "Bolshevism" or by the sneers of the impossibilists. Yet all this assumes the formulation of a scheme of ethics to command allegiance, a recurrence to first principles, the hoisting of a moral standard to which all mankind may repair.

Presumably, some genius may, out of the blue, burst upon mankind with the new disclosure, but as a rule a great synthesis comes only from a long striving of many minds toward a common centre, a spirit of drawing together, a meeting of specialists pursuing converging lines. Indeed, it seems that first-rate minds will not give attention to a pressing problem until it has been repeatedly forced upon them by the insistence of small minds. It is under this law of history, therefore, that the following guesses and assertions are made—in the hope that in due course the philosophy of the twentieth century will be written by some one competent to do it. As yet we are living on the husks of the nineteenth century, and not until prodigious thinking has been done about our own potentialities shall we be prepared to make the most of them.

How we got into our present state is clear enough in the historical record. Feudal, handicraft ethics, with its imperatives of honor, noblesse oblige, duty, obedience, and quality, was broken down by invention and machinery, which substituted new methods of production and new forms of social life. In this process the economic and social teachings of the Christian scholastics—which must command admiration for logic and grandeur of conception—disintegrated under the drive of vast economic changes and the attacks of natural science. For feudal and handicraft ethics—honest work and honest goods—was substituted acquisitive ethics: make hay while the sun shines; get it honestly if you can, but get it; keep within the law as interpreted by shrewd and well-paid lawyers; collect all the traffic will bear; let the purchaser beware; buy cheap and sell dear; give as little as you can for as much as you can get; put it over; sell it; enrich yourself and enjoy. Thus the pecuniary structure was raised to the heavens, a new Tower of Babel, and a distressing dichotomy appeared in intellectual and spiritual affairs. School boards largely dominated by the new business men expected educators to teach honest work, full measure of work, duty, patience, and obedience, to children who were to be, in a great majority, laborers modestly or poorly requited in a society where the dominant elements openly and proudly flaunted the banner of *Lucrum*. Privates were to be taught laws which captains did not propose to observe. Obviously this was bound to lead to trouble and the trouble is here, in abundance.

At the outset of a search for a system of ethics adapted to this age we encounter two historic schemes, of which all others are modifications.

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FOR THE TRE

COMPETENT MINDS

A. Beard

standard and gives in broad outline the necessary materials of its texture. His article seems unorthodox at a time when standards have been abandoned, and some of his specifications will seem even more so. It is the call of a new age.

First there is the ethics of absolutism: good is eternal, it exists outside of the human mind, in the idea of God or in the reason of things. For example, stealing, lying, and killing are wrong, always and everywhere, and no amount of sophistication or violation can make them right. Whole libraries of books have been written to assert, declare, and uphold the mathematical principles of "ethical realism." At the opposite pole is the creed of "ethical naturalism" or relativity: all moral action and ideas are relative; to use the language of an adept, Professor Sydney Hook, naturalistic ethics is to be conceived as "the equilibration of interests and their rational adjustment to the environment." Again, "the relativity of our ethical beliefs is prima facie evidence that good and bad depend upon our primary desires, and as these change the qualities of good and bad change. . . . Whatever I desire, says the naturalist, has the quality of good. This does not mean that the good is desired. It means that whenever we desire anything a certain irreducible quality arises which we call good."

Now it is easy for any philosopher skilled in the use of logical two-edged tools and acquainted with cultural anthropology to play havoc with both of these systems of ethics as closed schemes of thought. It is wrong to steal. Yes; but how wrong for a ten-year-old boy to snatch a loaf of bread for his starving mother? The head of a great railway corporation in America openly confesses that, if he were an unemployed workman with a family to support, he would steal before he would starve, and the voice of America does not condemn him. It is wrong to kill, but not in self-defense nor wholesale under governmental auspices nor for the suppression of heresy (at least in the sixteenth century). It is wrong to lie, but not for the purpose of deceiving an enemy in time of war. However invulnerable the absolutist may be in the high realm of theory, he is, therefore, in a sea of troubles whenever he descends to earth.

Superficially considered, the naturalist has a better case. He can make things hot for the realist, but when he confronts the logical upshot of his own teachings he finds himself advocating a philosophy which, in practice, would destroy society and make even the satisfaction of primary desires as now developed utterly impossible. The pragmatist may say that if a thing works, it is good; but good for whom, for what, and for how long? Clearly the search for a scheme of ethics for "our confused civilization" must find some kind of reconciliation here and make assertions (for such they must be) that appeal to the reason and the noblest impulses of mankind (archaic as that may sound).

What, then, is the immovable base, the fixed bench mark, from which to survey the land of values? Since all ethical systems and all philosophies start with assumptions, the problem is to find one which makes the least strain on credulity and knowledge, which commands the widest assent, which seems most congruous with the world as fact and potentiality. The assumption which appears to offer the best clew is this: We are here in the world of external phenomena. We live. The

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most desirable, the firmest, foundation for a system of ethics is the good life for as many people as possible. "There is," says John Ruskin, "no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

It may be urged that this is vague. The retort could be made that the ethics of absolutism and naturalism are still more vague as practical guides, but that is no answer. Some indication of the bill of particulars is demanded. The philosophy of the good life carries with it specific implications. At the bottom there is physical and mental health, and to that subject medical science, psychology, and sociology must make all the contributions that are available in their vast armories of knowledge and understanding. It is not necessary to dwell upon this phase of the theme here and now. The problem before the maker of the new synthesis is that of relating what is known in these fields to the issues of the good life, of bringing scattered and partially connected data and findings into a rational support for good living.

The same may be said of economic science, for mankind must have bread. It is the business of this discipline to explain, as far as it can, the existing processes of economy, to indicate alternatives before us, to show how, given the determination to have the good life for as many as possible, the requisite materials and methods can be most efficiently employed in the attainment of that object. It must define the conditions of good work and the rewards essential to it. Fundamental among these conditions, of course, is security for all who are willing to do honest labor, that is, productive as distinguished from acquisitive labor. Such security must be conditional, for if it is absolute, without reference to character, attainments, and willingness to pay the price, then it is demoralizing and contrary to the ends here in view. Wherever the pressure of population threatens to lower the standard, there the mastery of the birth-rate must become a part of the controlling scheme of ethics.

Obviously, if the good life is to be lived, human life must be continued, and care and nurture provided for it. Hence the pertinent conclusions of biology, including the relation of life to environment, come within the purview of the ethical synthesis. Here we encounter all the difficult problems of eugenics and heredity, the relations of the sexes, the family, the rearing and education of children, and the provision of institutions, methods, and conditions favorable to appropriate care and nurture. Although women appear in all the other departments of ethics as abstract human beings, fulfilling economic and other cultural functions, as men fulfil theirs, in this division they assume special obligations. They are the mothers of the race, with all the deep and subtle implications involved in that relation. Historically, in primitive times, as Mary R. Beard has made clear in her book "On Understanding Women," they assumed primary functions in connection with the care of life and thus made the very beginnings of civilization. In their aid the state, men, industry, and innumerable institutions are now enlisted, but their fundamental rôle remains unchanged through the centuries. When the new ethics is formulated, the feminism that views women as mere abstract human beings will have to bend or break. The good life cannot go on without women as women, however varied their other functions may be.

Of necessity, the good life must be lived in society. The individualism of the forest-man, Thoreau, is no longer possible, save perhaps in the South Seas. Thus it follows that the ethics of the good life must be rooted in the social affections and grounded on principles of honor. Without them civilization would perish. This means that there are commands of duty which involve sacrifice, entirely transcending the gospel of expediency—a gospel of anarchy leading logically to social dissolution. No doubt there is a circle within which expediency may be safely applied, there are times and circumstances for it, but there are moments, days, and even years when duty must be done and sacrifices must be made, irrespective of all other considerations.

Life would be unendurable and society would disintegrate were all people to operate on the theory of immediate desire and the main chance. If under the sanction of ethics the lawyer could betray his client for the advantage of himself and an-

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other, the judge could sell justice, the doctor poison patients for the benefit of their heirs, the weary mother choke her crying infant, the father withhold aid from a wayward son, and the soldier desert to the enemy in a critical situation—all of which could be done on assumptions of desire and expediency—then how could life be sustained and the social order upheld? And how can the defenders of *any* social order justify their defense and call for support if they believe only in the simple creed of making hay for themselves while the sun shines? They cannot; the ethics of the good life, indeed any ethics of rational and enduring appeal, must state conditions in which honor must rule and sacrifice must be made.

The ethics of the good life, though universal in implications, is perforce national in application. It must have a geographical location, and most geographical locations are within national states. It is possible to have a system of universal beliefs (such as, for example, God made the world in six days), if everybody can be induced to accept it, but a scheme of the good life, involving physical and economic factors, cannot be universal or cosmopolitan in operation, at least in the present stage of social evolution. National states occupy most of the land surface of the earth, control its natural resources, and maintain legal structures supporting the economic order, affecting the conditions of industry, the distribution of wealth, and the maintenance of health and security. A national state that has succeeded in raising the standard of life and is pressing forward to the highest possible reach ought not, and will not, adopt an immigration and an economic policy which will undermine that standard. To speak concretely, a scheme of universal ethics founded on a conception of unconditional brotherhood would command the United States to open its gates to the swarming multitudes of overpopulated countries where wages are twenty-five cents a day or lower. If in the long run such a policy would make the good life impossible for everybody, then obviously there is no use talking about any kind of philosophy except that of the tooth and claw.

Admittedly the view that ethics may be indifferent to population problems is held by many persons of high character. Not many years ago the present writer asked a distinguished American missionary in China: "What practical things can Christian teachers do for the Chinese?" He replied immediately: "They can spread knowledge of personal hygiene, raise the level of public sanitation, and increase the output of food by improvements in agriculture." Then the questioner added: "What will be the effect on the population?" To this inquiry the missionary responded: "It will rise and undo all the results of our work." Bewildered by the admission, the inquisitor exclaimed: "Then, why do it?" With serene and almost Oriental calm the missionary answered: "A Christian does not ask himself that question." If to some this may seem a commanding philosophy, it must be treated as representing a universalism that is incompatible with the good life as herein conceived. Attractive as it is to certain high types of mind, a levelling cosmopolitanism which casts the world into one melting pot, assumes that all are equally capable of grasping the ethics of the good life and maintaining it, without respect to states and boundaries, is destined to defeat its own ends. If universal brotherhood lies over the horizon of the future, it provides no immediate working scheme of ethics. No; the ethics of the good life, for the present at least, must be a national ethics at bottom, supplemented, of course, by an international policy related to its fundamental purposes.

All that is implied in the science and art of statecraft, therefore, comes within the sphere of the new ethical synthesis. Even when the activities of the state are reduced to the minimum, they are justified and defended on the ground of public good. The pure police state, as expressed by unadulterated Manchesterism, in providing a prize ring for individuals carrying on a tooth-and-claw struggle over the division of wealth, was supposed to assure a wide distribution of benefits. But no authentic police state has ever existed. The Constitution of the United States, usually cited as highly individualistic in its conceptions, announces in the preamble that it is created to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity—among other things. And the government organized under it exercises powers of fundamental significance for the good life of the people within its jurisdiction.

That government deliberately intervenes in the

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"natural" distribution of wealth (whatever that may mean) by innumerable measures. It exerts a high degree of control over the planning and direction of business enterprise by regulations, such as the Interstate Commerce Acts, by operations, such as the conservation of natural resources, by the establishment of fair-trade practices under the supervision of the Federal Trade Commission. It promotes the construction of highways, the reservation of national park lands, the spread of learning, and the protection of health. It apportions the weights of taxation on the assumption that the strong should bear burdens progressively adjusted to their strength. Under the auspices of state and city governments, municipal and regional plans are being elaborated on the hypothesis that it is the duty of statesmen to bring order, beauty, health, and convenience into urban and rural life. The modern war on poverty, manifested in legislation providing for the education of all the people, for workmen's compensation, for hospital care of the sick, and for old-age pensions, is a war led by statecraft in the name of the good life.

If observers tinctured with cynicism think it strange to associate politics with ethics, they may be reminded that men and women will make immense sacrifices for the state and that the greatest servants of politics, the statesman and the soldier, often do work for society that cannot be measured at all in economic terms of selfishness. Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, Lincoln, Gladstone, and Bismarck, whatever their faults, all transcend calculations which can be entered in ledgers. And the soldier is honored, as Ruskin says, because we believe that in the fortress breach, with the pleasures of this world behind him and death before him, he will choose the supreme sacrifice. If spoils, corruption, chicanery, and intrigue are associated with politics—and they are painfully evident—the average run of politician is above the average citizen in breadth of view and in willingness to do work that "does not pay." At all events, no system of ethics can possess power or correspond to reality unless it includes statecraft within the circle of its synthesis.

Since the good life is inconceivable without beauty woven into work, environment, and leisure, æsthetics inevitably takes its place in ethics. All human beings, save the most degraded primitives, have a craving for beauty, which expresses itself in a thousand ways—in clothing, utensils, tools, furniture, houses, and, in these later days, even in factories and gas plants. All modern adjustments of environment to serve the good life reckon with æsthetics—city and regional planning, domestic and business architecture, parks, playgrounds, recreational centres, and museums, for instance. Once more, art and utility, which should never have been put asunder, are being united, bringing beauty and sincerity into harmony and thus guaranteeing æsthetic advance.

Æsthetics thus conceived is not a science of decoration, of borrowing plumage, or putting "diamond crowns upon leprous brows," but a science of weaving beauty into the very substance of life. Then for the leisure hours, to enrich life and recreate it for the sterner tasks of labor and sacrifice, there are music, gymnastics, dancing, and the drama—without which life would be sterile and dusty. And strange as it may seem, æsthetics may also disclose a way to truth, to the divining of fate; Goethe was nearer to the twentieth century than Ricardo, Shelley than Nassau Senior. In poetry and song, visions are made plain and paths illuminated. Let those who imagine that æsthetics is a branch for dilettantes try to conceive a world with all beauty taken out of it and nothing left but the barest utility and the meanest environment for life and work. There is the test and the proof.

For the scheme of ethics to be formulated, natural science provides a method or instrumentality. It can supply no final answer to the riddle of life and morals. If it could it would be omniscient, for only omniscience can comprehend the totality. It deals with things that can be weighed and measured. It is neutral, impartial. The river which science observes does not say anything to man about his conduct; it does not command him to turn its current into electricity, to tremble at the beauty of dark pines reflected in its deeps, or to drown himself in its flood. Science cannot say what ought to be investigated or what use ought to be made of the findings resulting from inquiry. So far as it is concerned, men may employ chemicals to heal the sick or to blow their neighbors to atoms in battle. By exploring the nature of things, it does disclose possibilities, reveal what can be done here or there,

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but it issues no imperative mandates respecting the best and noblest uses of the materials it handles. Nor, strictly speaking, is "social science" in any better position. With reference to its data, it too is neutral, impartial; should it, by achieving the impossible, become a true science and discover the law of social evolution, it would deprive man of ethics by depriving him of choices. Social science, like natural science, furnishes an indispensable method of inquiry, a fine corrective spirit, but no sovereign decrees. Both sciences set limits for procedures and show how resolutions can be carried into execution, but a system of ethics resting on posited assumptions can alone indicate paths to be chosen, work to be done, actions to be taken, uses to be made. Science reveals potentialities and limitations, serves as an instrument of human purpose and will, and in the modern age, for the first time in all history, offers to countless millions the material basis of the good life. In the scientific régime ethics may become truly democratic, making the good life possible for the earth's weary multitudes.

After reading these pages, the hard-minded reader will say: All this is utopian. In the true sense of the word, every system of ethics is utopian, for it mingles with known realities dreams of what is possible. Without utopianism life would be devoid of inspiration and impetus. If by the utopian conception is meant, however, a system of reasoned perfection to be discovered, imposed, and maintained forever, then any scheme of ethics founded upon it would be destined to defeat by the changeful nature of things, by the mutability of human affairs, by the fallibility of the human mind. It is, accordingly, necessary to avoid that dread spectre which J. B. Bury calls "the illusion of finality." A synthesis of ethics must conform to the realities of the historical process as revealed in all that is known of events, facts, actions, decisions, and ideas. It can merely posit a centre of faith, sketch the large outlines of possibility, set up a tentative goal, and inform the will by indications as to what may be done, should be done, and how it is to be done with the aid of exploring and inventive science. It must be geared into the idea of progress, of the future immense before us, of the continued adaptation of the material world and the instruments of knowledge to declarations of purpose in relation to the good life.

Finally, we come to the ultimates of religion. So far as this branch of opinion is concerned, the ethics of the good life presents limited, earthly, and secular aspects. It must be valid whether man belongs to the angels or the apes. Religion professes to disclose the mind of the absolute, the omniscient, and the omnipotent, but the variety and contradictions of its offerings preclude the establishment of any fixed centre of religious ethics that can command universal consent. It is true that there is associated with each of the world's systems of religion a core of ethical teachings and that from the sayings of Jesus and Buddha is to be derived rich confirmation of faith in the good life; but at bottom, religion, if it is anything except vague sentiment, involves a scheme of theology, and in the present state of human knowledge there is no prospect of agreement here. Any particular religion may be true, but all religions cannot be true. Hence any system of ethics that must rely upon theology is bound to be challenged by countless millions, to introduce divisions rather than unity, and to darken rather than illuminate the earthly way of life.

In other words, it may as well be frankly confessed that the scheme of ethics here advocated is telluric. It avoids ultimates. It must be valid whatever varieties of religious faith may prevail, and must command the assent of multitudes who differ in religious belief. It must find its sanctions in society itself, whether or not a stern Deity watches over humanity threatening punishment hereafter. At all events, fear of hell-fire is sinking in the icy waters of scientific discovery. Avowedly, then, this projected system of ethics will occupy what John Morley calls "the narrow land of rational certainty, relative, conditional, and experimental"—the narrow land that lies between "the vagaries of the mystics and the vagaries of the physicists." From this severely delimited field, however, we may view "the vast realm that stretches unknown before us, perhaps forever unknowable; inspiring men with an elevated awe, and environing the interests and duties of their little lives with a strange sublimity." Therein lies the substance provided by religion and philosophy, an inescapable sense that beyond the narrow land of rational certainty lies a vast realm, too wide, too long, for the reach of the surveying eye. In this presence only science or symbolism will suffice.

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ONE OF THE $5,000

MILL

Sherwood

Doris Hoffman, who worked in the spinning-room at the Langdon Cotton Mill, Langdon, Georgia, had a dim but ever-present consciousness of a world outside the cotton mill where she worked and the cotton-mill village where she lived with her husband, Ed Hoffman. She was conscious of automobiles, of passenger trains seen now and then through windows as they went whirling past the mill (don't be wasting time now at windows, time-wasters get fired in these times), of movies in movie theatres, of swell clothes a woman might own, of voices coming over radios. There wasn't any radio in their house. They hadn't got one. She was very conscious of people. In the mill sometimes she felt like playing the devil. She would have liked playing with the other girls in the spinning-room, dancing with them, singing with them. Come on, now, let's sing. Let's dance. She was young. She made up songs sometimes. She was a smart, fast workwoman. She liked men. Her husband, Ed Hoffman, wasn't a very strong man. She would have liked a strong young man. There was such a strong young man working in the mill one summer before she married. She thought about him often after her marriage.

Just the same she wouldn't have gone back on Ed Hoffman, not she. She knew that and Ed knew it.

On some days you couldn't touch Doris. Ed couldn't have touched her. She was closed up, quiet and warm. She was like a tree or like a hill lying still in warm sunlight. She worked quite automatically in the big, light spinning-room of the Langdon Cotton Mill, the room with the lights, the flying-machines, the subtile, changing flying forms—you couldn't touch her on such days, but she did her work all right. She could always do more than her share of work.

One Saturday, in the fall, there was a fair in Langdon. It wasn't right by the cotton mill nor in the town. It was in an empty field by the river, out beyond the cotton mill and the cotton-mill town. People from Langdon, if they went out there, went mostly in cars. The fair was there all week and a good many people from Langdon went out. They had the field lighted with electric lights so they could have shows at night.

It wasn't a horse fair. It was a fair of shows. There was a Ferris wheel and a merry-go-round and stands for selling things and places to ring canes and a free show on a platform. There were places for dancing, one for whites and one for Negroes. Saturday, the last day of the fair, was a day for mill hands and for poor white farmers and for Negroes mostly. Hardly any of the town people went on that day. There were hardly any fights or drunks or anything. To get the mill people it was arranged that the mill baseball team should play a game with a mill team from Wilford, Georgia. The mill at Wilford was a small one, just a little yarn mill. It was pretty sure that the Langdon mill team would have it easy. They would be almost dead sure to win.

Doris Hoffman had consciousness of the fair all week. All the girls in her room at the mill had consciousness of it. The mill at Langdon ran night and day. You put in five ten-hour shifts and one five-hour shift. You had it off from Saturday noon till Sunday night at twelve, when the night shift started the new week.

Doris was strong. She could go places and do things her husband Ed couldn't go and do. He was always feeling done up and had to lie down. She went to the fair with three mill girls named Grace and Nell and Fanny. It would have been easier and a shorter way around to go by the railroad track, but Nell, who was also a strong girl like Doris, said: "Let's go through town," so they all did. It wasn't so nice for Grace, who was weak, going the long way, but she never said a thing. They came back the short way, by the railroad tracks that followed the winding of the river. They went to Langdon Main Street and turned to the right. Then they went through nice streets. Then it was a long way on a dirt road. It was pretty dusty.

The river that went below the mill and the railroad tracks wound around. You could go to Main Street, in Langdon, and turn to the right and get

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GIRLS

Anderson

into a road that went on out to the fair. You walked through a street of nice houses, not all alike, as in a mill village, but each one different, with yards and grass and flowers and girls sitting on the porch, no older than Doris herself but not married, not with a man and kid and a sick mother-in-law, and you got to a flat place by the same river that went past the mill.

Grace would eat her supper quickly after her day in the mill and she would clean up quickly. You get to eating quickly when you eat alone. You don't care what you eat. She would clean up and do the dishes quickly. She was tired. She hurried. Then she went out on the porch and took off her shoes. She liked to lie on her back.

There wasn't any street lamp along there. That was a good thing. It took Doris longer to clean up, and then, besides, she had to nurse her baby and get it to sleep. It was lucky it was a healthy kid and slept well. It was like Doris. It was naturally strong. Doris spoke to Grace about her mother-in-law. She always called her "Mrs. Hoffman." She said: "Mrs. Hoffman's worse to-day" or "She's better."

"She bled a little." She didn't like to put her baby in the front room of the four-room house, where all four of the Hoffmans ate and sat on Sundays and where Mrs. Hoffman lay when she lay down, but she didn't want Mrs. Hoffman to know that she didn't want that. It would hurt her feelings. Ed had built his mother a kind of low couch to lie on. He was handy. She could lie down easily and get up easily. Doris didn't like to put her baby in there. She was afraid the baby would get it. She told Grace that. "I'm afraid all the time he'll get it." She put her baby, after it was nursed and ready to go to sleep, in the bed where she and Ed slept in another room. Ed had been sleeping, during the day, in the same bed, but when he got up in the afternoon he made the bed up fresh for Doris. Ed was that way. He was nice that way.

Ed was almost like a girl in some things.

Doris had big breasts, but Grace hadn't hardly any at all. That might have been because Doris had had a kid. No, it wasn't. She had big breasts before that, before she ever even got married.

Doris went out to Grace at night. In the mill she and Grace worked in the same big light long spinning-room between the rows of bobbins. They ran up and down or walked up and down or stopped a minute to talk. When you work with some one that way all day every day you can't help getting to like them. You get to love them. It's like being married almost. You know when they are tired because you are tired. If your feet ache you know theirs do. You can't tell just walking through a place and seeing people working. You don't know. You don't feel it.

There was a man came through the spinning-room in the middle of the morning and in the middle of the afternoon selling things. They let him. He sold a big chunk of soft candy called "Milky Way," and he sold Coca Cola. They let him. You blew in ten cents. It hurt to blow it in but you did. You got the habit and you did. It braced you. Grace could hardly wait when she was working. She was laid off by the time she and Doris and Fanny and Nell went to the fair. There was hard times. A lot were laid off.

They always took the weaker ones of course. They knew all right. They didn't say to a girl: "Do you need it?" They said: "We won't need you now for awhile." Grace needed it but not so badly as some. She had Tom Musgrave and her mother working.

So they had laid her off. It was tight times, not flush times. It was harder work. They made Doris's side longer. They'd be laying off Ed next. It was hard enough without that.

Sometimes, when Doris was in a bitter mood, she would have liked to go on a strike. She had never been on a strike. There had never been one at the Langdon mills but she knew about strikes. Ed had told her.

Anyway, if you won or lost, it was a try. It was fighting. It was trying to get your rights. "I'll bet it would be swell," she thought sometimes.

They had cut Ed's pay and Tom Musgrave's and his mother's pay.

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They charged just as much for house rent and everything. You had to pay just about as much for things. They said you didn't but you did. There was a little flame of anger always in Doris at about the time she went to the fair with Grace and Fanny and Nell. She went most of all because she wanted Grace to go and have some fun and forget and get it off her mind. Grace wouldn't have gone if Doris hadn't gone. She would go anywhere Doris did. They hadn't laid Nell and Fanny off yet.

When Doris went out to Grace, when they were both working yet, before the tight times came so bad, before they made Doris's side so much longer and gave Ed and Tom and Ma Musgrave so many more looms . . . Ed said it kept him on the jump now so he couldn't think . . . he said it tired him out worse than ever keeping up and he looked it. . . . Doris herself kept up by working, she said, almost twice as fast . . . before all that happened, in the good times yet, she used to go out like that to Grace at night.

Grace was so tired, lying on the porch. Particularly on hot nights she was so tired. There would maybe be some people in the mill village street but not many. There wasn't any street lamp right near the Musgrave-Hoffman house.

They could lie in darkness beside each other. Grace was like Ed, Doris's husband. She hardly ever spoke in the daytime, but at night, when it was all dark and hot, she would talk. Ed was that way. Grace wasn't like Doris, raised in a mill town. She and her brother Tom and her Pa and Ma had been raised on a farm in the North Georgia hills. It wasn't much of a farm, Grace said. You could hardly raise a thing, but it was nice. She said they would have stayed there maybe only her father died. They owed some money and the farm had to be sold and Tom couldn't get work so they came to Langdon.

There was a kind of waterfall near their farm when they had a farm. It wasn't exactly a waterfall, Grace said. This would be at night, before Grace got laid off, when she was so tired at night and was lying on the porch. Doris would come to her and would sit down by her or lie down and would not talk loud but whisper.

Grace would have her shoes off. She would have her dress open wide all down the neck. "Take your stockings off, Grace," Doris would whisper.

There was a fair in Langdon. . . . It was in October, 1929. . . . The mill closed at noon. Doris's husband was lying down at home. She had left her baby with her mother-in-law. She saw things, a-plenty. There were the Ferris wheel and a long street-like place with banners up and pictures on . . . a fat woman and a woman with snakes around her neck and a two-headed man and a woman in a tree with fuzzy hair and, Nell said, "God knows what else," and a man on a box talking about it all. There were some girls in tights, not very clean. They and the men all yelled together, "Yea, yea, yea," to get the people to come.

There were niggers there a-plenty, it seemed, town niggers and country niggers, thousands of them, it seemed.

There were country people a-plenty, white people. They had come mostly in rickety wagons drawn by mules. The fair had been going on all week, but Saturday was the big day. In the big field, where the fair was held, the grass was mostly worn away. All that part of Georgia, when there wasn't any grass, was red. It was as red as blood.

The ground was rich. Weeds and grass grew tall and thick there. Whoever owned the ground had rented it to the fair people. They came in trucks to bring the fair there. There was a night show and a day show.

You didn't pay anything to get in. There was a free baseball game on the day when Doris went to the fair with Nell and Grace and Fanny, and there was a free show by performers, to be on a platform in the middle of the fair. Doris felt a little guilty going when her husband Ed couldn't go, didn't feel like it, but he had kept on saying: "Go on, Doris. Go with the girls."

"Go on with the girls."

Fanny and Nell kept saying: "Ah, come on." Grace didn't say anything. She never did.

Doris felt motherly toward Grace. Grace was always so tired after a day in the mill. After a day in the mill, when night came, Grace said: "I'm so tired." She had dark circles under her eyes. Doris's husband, Ed Hoffman, worked in the mill nights. He was a loom fixer . . . a pretty smart man but not strong.

So when . . . on ordinary nights, when Doris

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came home from the mill and when her husband Ed had gone to work . . . he worked nights and she worked days, so they were only together on Saturday afternoons and nights and Sunday and Sunday night until twelve . . . they usually went to church on Sunday nights, taking Ed's mother with them . . . she'd go to church when she couldn't get up strength to go anywhere else. . . .

On just ordinary nights, when the long day in the mill was at an end, when Doris had done what housework at home there was left to do and had nursed the baby and it had gone to sleep and her mother-in-law was lying down, she went outside. The mother-in-law got the supper for Ed and then he left and Doris came and ate and there were the dishes to do. "You're tired," the mother-in-law said, "I'll do them." "No, you won't," Doris said. She had a way of saying things so people minded what she said. They did what she told them to do.

There would be Grace waiting for Doris outside. She would be lying on the porch if it was a hot night.

The Hoffman house wasn't really the Hoffman house at all. It was a mill village house. It was a double house. There were forty houses just like it in that street. Doris and Ed and Ed's mother, Ma Hoffman, who had tuberculosis and couldn't work any more, lived on one side and Grace Musgrave and her brother Tom and their mother, Ma Musgrave, lived on the other. Tom wasn't married. There was just a thin wall between them. There were two front doors but there was just one porch, a narrow one running clear across the front of the house. Tom Musgrave and Ma Musgrave, like Ed, worked nights. Grace was alone in her side of the house at night. She wasn't afraid. She said to Doris: "I'm not afraid." "You're so near," she said. Ma Musgrave got the supper in that house and then she and Tom Musgrave went. They left enough for Grace. She washed the dishes, like Doris did. They left at the same time Ed Hoffman did.

You had to go in time to check in and get ready. When you worked days you had to stay right on the job till quitting time and then clean up. Doris and Grace both worked in the spinning-room at the mill and Ed and Tom Musgrave were loom fixers. Ma Musgrave was a weaver.

At night, when Doris had got her work done and nursed her kid and it had gone to sleep and Grace had her work done Doris went out to Grace. Grace was one of the kind that will work and work and won't give up and so was Doris.

Only Grace wasn't strong like Doris. She was frail and had black hair and dark brown eyes that looked unnaturally big in her thin small face and she had a small mouth. Doris had a big mouth and a big head. Her body was long but her legs were short. They were strong. Grace's legs were round and nice. They were like a man likes a girl's legs to be and she had pretty small feet but they weren't strong. They couldn't stand the racket. "I don't wonder," Doris said, "they's so little and so pretty." After a day in the mill . . . on your feet all day, running up and down, a body's feet hurt. Doris's smarted, but not like Grace's. "They hurt so," Grace said. She always meant her feet when she said that. "Take off your stockings."

"No, you wait. I'll take them off for you."

Doris took them off for Grace.

"Now you lie still."

She'd feel Grace all over. She didn't exactly feel her. She rubbed her. Every one said that knew that Doris had good rubbing hands. She had strong quick hands. They were alive hands. What she did to Grace she did also to Ed, her husband, when he was off on Saturday night and they slept together. He needed it all right. She rubbed Grace's feet and her legs and her shoulders and her neck and everywhere. She began at the top and then began at the bottom. "Now turn over," she said. She rubbed her back a long time. She did that to Ed too.

She rubbed her awhile and then she talked. She began talking. Ed always began talking when Doris rubbed him that way. They didn't talk about the same things. Ed was a man of ideas. He could read and write and Doris and Grace couldn't. When he had time to read he read both newspapers and books. Grace couldn't read or write any more than Doris could. They hadn't been brought up to it. Ed had wanted to be a preacher but he hadn't made it. He'd have made it if he hadn't been so shy, he couldn't stand up before people and talk.

If his father had lived he might have got up nerve and made it. His father, when he was alive, wanted him to. He saved and sent him to school. Doris could write her name and could spell out a

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few words if she tried, but Grace couldn't do even that much. When Doris rubbed Ed with her strong hands, that never did seem to get tired, he talked of ideas. He had got it into his head he would like to be a man to get up a union.

He had got it into his head mill people might get up a union and strike. He talked about it. Sometimes, when Doris had been rubbing him a long time, he got to laughing and laughed at himself.

He said: "I talk about myself getting up a union." Once, before Doris knew him, he had worked at a mill in another town where they had a union. They had a strike too and got licked. Ed said he didn't care. He said it was good times. He was just a young kid then. That was before Doris met and married him, before he came to Langdon. His father was alive then. He laughed and said: "I got ideas but no nerve. I'd like to get up a union here and I ain't got the nerve." He laughed at himself that way.

There was a young man from town who worked in the mill that Ed said was a spy. Doris didn't think he was but didn't say so. She didn't want to quarrel with Ed. She liked the young man from town, liked to think about him. She thought about him at night sometimes when Ed was off at work at the mill.

Grace, when Doris rubbed her, at night when Grace was so tired, never did talk about ideas.

She liked to describe places. There was a little waterfall, in a little creek, with some bushes, near the farm where she lived before her father died and she and her brother Tom and her mother moved to Langdon and got to be mill people. There wasn't just one waterfall, a big one. There was one over rocks and then another and another and another. There was coolness, a shady place with rocks and bushes. There was water, Grace said, acting as though it was alive. It seemed to whisper and then it talked, she said. If you went a little way it was like horses trotting. There was a little pool beneath each fall.

She used to go there when she was a child. There were fish in the pools but if you kept still, after awhile, they paid no attention. Grace's father died when she and her brother Tom were children yet, but they didn't have to sell the farm right away, not for a year or two, so they went there all the time.

It was near their house.

It was wonderful to hear Grace talk of it. Doris thought that on a hot night, when she was tired herself and her own feet smarted, it was the nicest thing she ever knew. In the hot cotton-mill town, in Georgia, where the nights are so still and hot, when Doris had got her baby to sleep at last and had rubbed Grace and had rubbed her, until Grace said the tiredness had all gone out of her feet and her arms and her legs and the smarting and the tenseness and all . . .

You'd have thought that Grace's brother Tom Musgrave, who was such a homely tall-like man and had never married and whose teeth were all so black and who had such a big Adam's apple . . . you'd never have thought a man like that, when he was a small boy, would have been so nice to his little sister.

Taking her to pools and waterfalls and fishing.

He was so homely you'd never have thought he could be Grace's brother at all.

You'd have never thought a girl like Grace, who was always getting tired so easily and who was ordinarily so silent and who was always looking, when she had her job in the mill yet, as though she was going to faint or something . . . you'd have never thought, when you rubbed her and rubbed her as Doris did, so patiently and nice, liking to, you'd never have thought she could talk as she did about places and things.

Part II

The fair at Langdon, Georgia, fed Doris Hoffman's consciousness of worlds outside her own mill-bound world. That was a world of Grace and Ed and Mrs. Hoffman and Nell and thread being made and flying machinery and wages and talk of the new stretch-out system that had been put in at the mill and always wages and hours and things like that. It wasn't varied enough. It was too much always the same. Doris couldn't read. The fair was something to tell Ed about afterward at night in bed. It was nice also for Grace to go. She didn't seem to get so tired.

The shows and the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheel came from some far outside world. There were show people shouting in front of tents and girls in tights who maybe never had been in any mill but had travelled everywhere. There were men

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Hoover Can Not Be Elected

By Elliott Thurston

EXAGGERATION is expected of politicians and circus barkers. The customers like it, look for it and are so accustomed to it that precise advertising of a candidate or of a side-show curiosity would arouse instant suspicion. The show does not have to come up to specifications. As long as the clientele senses some resemblance between the promises and the performance, nobody feels cheated. Once, however, the customer concludes that he has been duped, he will demand his money back and take his trade elsewhere.

Mr. Hoover's best friends agree that he was badly oversold at the peak of an inflationary period and that the subsequent decline in values has made the contrast between the advertising that went with him and what he has been able to deliver, conspicuous to the point of painfulness. That the customers are walking out and transferring their patronage to Mr. Hoover's competitors is amply evident from a number of developments, not the least of which are the past two elections.

Offhand, the man who is told that Mr. Hoover can't be elected in 1932 assumes that this is just the usual exaggeration. He doesn't believe it, nor does he disbelieve it. He will wait and see. If he is a lifelong Democrat he will have that fatalistic sense of impending doom bred of many disappointments. If he is a lifelong Republican he will have that faith in the future or in the proverbial self-annihilating genius of the Democrats, bred of past successes in the face of unpromising prospects.

However, those comparatively few Republicans and Democrats who have examined the case somewhat more clinically agree that it will take something approximating a political miracle to save Mr. Hoover. By all the criteria available eleven months before the election he will be the worst-beaten President in history.

Having set down these pronouncements it is advisable to hedge at once. If the corner around which prosperity is supposed to be lurking can be discovered, and prosperity can be reproduced, visible to the eye, quickly enough, the voters may forget and forgive. If the Democrats get embroiled again in a Kilkenny cat affair it is possible for them to destroy themselves. Otherwise Mr. Hoover is done for, judging his case on the present record, the ascertainable state of public opinion and historical precedent.

The reasons for the collapse of Mr. Hoover's political prospects, which were bright enough to be dazzling in 1928, are numerous and some of them are difficult to state without appearing prejudiced or vindictive. The foremost reason is, of course, the major panic. Administrations have survived minor but not major panics. Mr. Hoover was not to blame for the depression, but as the late Dwight Morrow said during his New Jersey campaign a party which takes credit for the rain must bear the blame for the drought. If ever a candidate took credit for the agreeable precipitations of the Gilt Edge Era, Mr. Hoover did. His campaign speeches of 1928, reread to-day, reveal how blindly confident Mr. Hoover was of a more or less perpetual bull market.

Only a man totally unaware of the forces at work to make a mockery of his prosperity promises would have offered so complete a guarantee for the future. An experienced politician knowing that promises should be offset with provisos would have left some loophole. Mr. Hoover left none. Elect him and the nation was sure of high wages, boom times, fat dividends. Elect Smith and all was lost. Mr. Hoover's appeal was unblushingly to the pocketbook. Page advertisements appearing in the metropolitan press declared:

"Republican efficiency has filled the workingman's dinner pail—and his gasoline tank besides—made telephone, radio and sanitary plumbing stand-

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ard household equipment. And placed the whole nation in the silk-stocking class.

"Republican prosperity has reduced hours and increased earning capacity, silenced discontent, put the proverbial 'chicken in every pot.' And a car in every backyard, to boot.

"Wages, dividends, progress and prosperity say, 'Vote for Hoover!' "

Mr. Hoover's speeches were filled with much the same thing—a "job for every man" and "poverty will be banished." "The slogan of progress is changing from the full dinner pail to the full garage," Mr. Hoover told his New York audience on October 22, 1928.

"A continuation of the policies of the Republican party is fundamentally necessary to the further advancement of this progress and to the further building up of this prosperity," he added.

To resurrect these generous promises now seems almost ghoulish. They belong to the past. It is like having one's adolescent love missives read aloud when one has reached a soberer middle age. Democrats in the coming campaign will deliver Mr. Hoover's speeches of the 1928 campaign—only in a different tone of voice.

For political parties which promise prosperity, then fail to make delivery, there is no alibi. The silences which enshroud Republican National Headquarters prove it. It is too late to bring in the "If's" now. Had Mr. Hoover qualified in 1928 sufficiently to say that he would continue prosperity if world-wide conditions permitted, there would be logic now in the refrain "It's not our fault." Mr. Hoover made no qualifications. He was sure that the world was in for a great wave of prosperity.

"With the assurance of peace for many years to come," he told a Boston audience, on October 15, 1928, "the world is upon the threshold of great commercial expansion. The other great nations of the world have been slowly recovering from the war. They have attained a very large degree of economic stability."

"Security and steady employment," he added, shifting his prophetic gaze back to America, "are more assured than for a long time past."

To plead now that Mr. Hoover's credit pools, his moratorium, his energizing of relief-fund agencies, have cushioned the shock, prevented things from being worse than they are, is not sufficient. The voter who was promised high wages, or dividends, and is now out of a job, or has had his wages, salary or dividends slashed is in no mood to accept pleas in extenuation when he was categorically and unequivocally guaranteed articles which have not been delivered—could not be delivered, of course. But that was Mr. Hoover's lookout.

However many great minds were fooled in 1928 about the future, it is not sufficient to say, as the Republican National Committee said recently, that there were other false prophets. Mr. Hoover had permitted himself to be advertised as the master mind, the superman, the engineering genius who had grappled successfully with the biggest, hardest problems in modern times.

"Governments and technicians," said Mr. Hoover's campaign advertisements of 1928, "grew to know him as the handy man, whose mental monkey wrenches never failed an emergency."

These things are cited in no mean spirit but to emphasize how completely Mr. Hoover committed himself. Are voters in 1932 going to judge Mr. Hoover by his promises and the performance? History answers that they are. They always have. The elections of 1930 and 1931 show it. There is no escaping that meaning in the enormous overturns of popular sentiment in every part of the country. Exceptional men, like Mr. Morrow, were able to win as Republicans, or Republicans were able to win in some of their strongholds, not in all of them. Otherwise the mortality among Republicans has exceeded anything in this century. Those who stood on platforms supporting the Hoover Administration suffered the most crushing defeats.

But Mr. Hoover's political weakness goes farther than his failure to make good on the impossible promises of 1928. The aura of greatness has been destroyed. The Republican National Committee itself has been pleading that Mr. Hoover is no magician, that he cannot be expected to pull rabbits out of hats. The trouble is that Mr. Hoover was advertised as a miracle man. It is too late to go back on the advertising matter now. The illusion should never have been created.

Not only is the illusion shattered but Mr. Hoover, who never was a party man and never has had the genuine enthusiastic support or sympathy of party men, has inevitably lost caste in his own political household. Politicians are not more kindly than

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other self-seekers, even if politicians become emotional or kiss babies. The politicians in his party who have their own skins to save sense impending disaster, not only to Mr. Hoover—which is merely incidental to them—but to themselves. Mr. Hoover will drag them down to defeat. They behave, therefore, in a variety of ways. Some of them break openly with him, like the insurgents of the West. Others waver. Others are sullen. Few show the same degree of deference toward Mr. Hoover that they exhibited when he was a boon and not a handicap to them.

Even the badly defeated Mr. Taft had the genuine affection of Old Guard leaders. They had no feeling of cold hostility toward him such as numerous Republicans exhibit toward Mr. Hoover. Mr. Hoover's lack of defenders and champions in the Senate last winter, when he was accused even of brutal indifference to human suffering, was a shocking revelation of his political isolation. The same coldness, when it is not active dislike, has spread to the press. Except for a few favorites who cling to the White House or the Rapidan camp, Mr. Hoover has scarcely a friend or defender among the hundreds of working newspaper men of Washington.

Nor has he many champions left among newspapers. One of his most caustic and constant critics is a great chain of newspapers which supported him in 1928. The Hearst newspapers have turned upon him with ferocity. The Western press berates him for the collapse of his Farm Board and promised relief for the agrarians. The Eastern press castigates him for his attitude on prohibition. The Southern defectionists long ago reverted to their antebellum (1928) status. The Southern press presents a united front against him.

Books, anonymous and avowed, denying him even some slight residuum of virtue, have flourished abundantly, and have been read avidly by the public. Mr. Hoover's one consolation from some of them has been that no mortal could possibly be as depraved as they try to make him out. Everywhere his real or alleged faults and failings are advertised where three years ago men who arose to express a doubt that he was a latter-day Solomon were put down as blind partisans.

His champions and defenders are few and scattered. Some of them adopt the fatal tone of apology. Others are paralyzed by the load of adversities which weigh upon the Administration or by fear of public animosity. Above all, Mr. Hoover has made a bad showing in pleading his own case or causes. And even his 1928 campaign advertisements said: "His pen is trained for blueprints, not speeches." He has shown temper against individuals, as against the Navy League president, who accused him of "abysmal ignorance." But he has not shown fight. He has been against repeal or modification, but he has not been willing to crusade for prohibition. The combative spirit makes enemies, but it also makes friends. Mr. Hoover's neutrality makes him too negative to suit either side in an argument. And these are argumentative times.

Everywhere the blight of the depression has doomed his plans and mocked his words. His confident predictions just after the market crash that all would soon be well turned to ashes as the disaster spread. His war-debts moratorium proved too meagre a remedy for the German economic disorder. His Farm Board, violating his own principles against price-fixing, squandered millions, only to be snowed under as the wheat and cotton avalanche rolled over it. His Wickersham Commission, ending a heckled career on a note of inexplicable contradiction between what it thought and what it recommended, fell a victim to the public's scornful temper. The tariff bill, which was to restore America's foreign trade in sixty days, according to Senator Watson's calculations, ushered in new debacles. The list is long. Everywhere the deadly touch of the depression has mangled Mr. Hoover's programme, and cost him public confidence and support.

The extent of the tide which was running against Mr. Hoover less than two years after he entered the White House can be measured mathematically by the 1930 elections. He had polled 21,392,190 votes against Smith's 15,016,443 in 1928, a majority for Mr. Hoover of 6,375,747. In 1930, 7,715,402 votes shifted from the Republican to the Democratic column, enough, had the overturn taken place in 1928, to have elected Smith, assuming a corresponding shift in electoral votes. The 1931 elec-

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tions reflected an even stronger anti-Administration drift.

For those who believe in omens, the 1930 elections foredoomed Mr. Hoover. They cost him control of the House, though to be sure the margin is narrow. That has always been a sure-fire portent of disaster to an incumbent party. Republican loss of the House in 1875 may, it is true, be considered an exception, since Hayes landed in the White House, but Tilden had a majority of the popular vote and all true Jeffersonians contend that the requisite electoral vote was stolen. Republican loss of the House in 1882 was the prelude to Cleveland's first victory two years later. When the Democrats lost the House in 1894 it heralded McKinley's election in 1896. Again the augury foretold Taft's defeat in 1912, after losing House control in 1910. So if history repeats itself the omen of 1930 foreshadows the eclipse of Mr. Hoover in 1932.

Much, of course, depends upon whether the Democrats nominate Owen Young, Newton Baker, Melvin Traylor, or Governor Ritchie, to name the eminent wets most acceptable to the conservative East, or whether they nominate Governor Roosevelt, who is not conservative enough to be acceptable to "big business," not too wet to ruffle the South, and sufficiently suggestive of his illustrious relative to seem enticing to the West.

To dodge the dilemma of guessing who will be the Democratic nominee, imagine that through some terrific emotional upheaval Calvin Coolidge should turn Democrat and come out against the Anti-Saloon League. Could he beat Mr. Hoover? It is one of the most persuasive proofs of the low ebb in Mr. Hoover's political fortunes that throughout his party the clamor has gone up to "Draft Coolidge." Why? Because of the seemingly universal notion that Mr. Coolidge could be overwhelmingly elected against all comers. This rather pathetic faith in Mr. Coolidge's infallibility springs apparently from the psychology of success which surrounds him as definitely as the opposite engulfs Mr. Hoover.

Where, then, is Mr. Hoover going to get his votes in 1932? After the wet inundation of 1930 and 1931 in the East and Middle West, can the dry Mr. Hoover hope to win in these all-important areas against a wet Democrat? That the Democrats will nominate a wet is a foregone conclusion.

Will New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, which have exhibited all the symptoms of public rebellion against the existing prohibition order, vote next year for the dry Mr. Hoover against a wet Democrat? Add to these states only the Solid South, and the Democrat who carries them will have 276 electoral votes in 1932, 10 more than enough to elect him President. That the South is again solidly Democratic is a fair and inescapable deduction after the rout of Bishop Cannon and his collaborators in 1930.

If Mr. Hoover cannot win in the big wet states of the East or in the now repentant South, where can he turn for votes in 1932 except to the West? And what an alluring scene the surplus-blighted West presents for a President who has broken with all the Western insurgents (excepting Mr. Borah, who cannot be broken with in presidential years), and with the reviving remnants of Bull Moose-La Follette expeditions of the past, who are gazing fondly at Gifford Pinchot and Hiram Johnson!

Box the political compass to-day and at each point the vista for Mr. Hoover is one of evil omens, ominous mathematical counts, party discords, or sulkings, or of closed banks, bread lines, apple venders, sheriff's sales and similar unpleasant phenomena, which, viewed by the Democrats, have one common redeeming feature not perceptible to the eye of Mr. Hoover.

It is a venerable saying that twenty-four hours is a lifetime in politics. Hence any political crystal-gazing renders the gazer vulnerable, not to say fatuous. The meteorologist whose barometric readings tell him to set out hurricane warnings may be mistaken. If so, he can always blame it on the caprices of Nature. His science remains unimpugned. All readings on the political barometer indicate hurricane warnings. The not-so-exact science of politics is not to be discredited if acts of God, one-dollar wheat, a new bull market or other caprices of divine or human nature suddenly clear the political skies.

Barring some such, now unpredictable, new precipitation of manna, Mr. Hoover's only hope is that the Democrats will make some politically ruinous mistakes. And as a distinguished, veteran Republican recently remarked: "Have we left them any?"

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Footnotes to a Happy Marriage

Anonymous

Here is news. An articulate woman admits she is happily married. And it seems simple enough after you read her rules for success.

HAPPY marriage is undramatic material. It hasn't been mentioned in newspaper or novel in a dog's age. Presumably it is either a forgotten subject or the last word has been said. You either have it and preserve a golden silence, or you haven't it and institute proceedings.

Having made, my husband and I, a glowing five-year success of a marriage for which most of my friends predicted certain failure (they declared "you can't build a dove cote on top of a volcano"), I have reviewed the notes we have set down from time to time along the way, and present them as a feeble voice in the din caused by the howling of the discontented.

With the removal of much that made marriage difficult and hypocritical for our grandparents, with science supposedly aiding us in the sex relation, with complete frankness possible in conversation, with a nearer parity of the sexes, and many other improvements that have been inaugurated since the war, really happy and satisfying marriages should be sprouting all over the place. However, the official divorce figures are appalling and when we made some statistics on our own friends we found that only two couples in ten presented a picture of undisturbed bliss. We didn't count the ones that live in "co-operative antagonism," but there may be some brands of happiness that go unrecognized. Even so, the malcontents and the divorcees dot the landscape like daisies in a field. Divorce is as fashionable as appendicitis used to be.

The maddening thing is that, according to our modern values, a happy marriage is not smart. It is considered distinctly bourgeois and is not one of the ideals of youth. It rates at least third on the list of the young person's ambitions, money and a good time topping it.

My husband says: "No one thinks he or she is going to be happy in marriage, these days. That's the main trouble."

I disagree with him. Few people embark on marriage with anything but happiness in their minds. They do not, however, regard this marital felicity as the fragile plant it usually is, which must be protected and worked for and thought about and carefully nourished and cherished. I suggest that the proper train of thought for a newlywed is this: "Nothing shall damage or disturb this thing that my husband and I have set up. No third person shall be allowed to tamper with it, no happening, even adultery, shall undermine it. It is a beautiful and living thing and we will keep it safe no matter what happens."

Does this sound sentimental and ultra-optimistic? I suppose so, but it is certainly a better prenuptial thought than the too usual "Well, if I get tired of Bill I can always go to Reno," or "If Jimmy doesn't behave himself, I'll go straight home to mother." There is the sixteen-year-old who informed her mother that she wanted to marry young so she would have time to be married twice. It is this frame of mind that jeopardizes the whole relation from the start, and the entire blame cannot be laid at the foot of matrimony itself when the participants sign the contract with no intention of keeping it.

I would like to proselytize for a fifty-year plan of matrimony. I want children to be brought up to believe that a beautiful and successful marriage is the real goal in life and that there is nothing more worth while in the span of time that stretches ahead of them.

I told Doctor Parks, the international author-

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ity on sex, that I was going to write a piece about marriage. He said: "Oh, that's fine. You certainly should!" And he began to tell me just how to write it. He said that marriage was inevitable, whereas people act in this day and age as if they could do without it. He began to reel off statistics. My husband interrupted him.

"But that's not the kind of article she is going to write. She says she thinks happy marriage is mostly a matter of small personal adjustments. First of all, she thinks it is a question of *wanting* a happy marriage, and beyond that more depends on avoiding the 'situation' than anything else."

I shall put the word in quotation marks, in spite of F. P. A. Underline it. Italicize it. Capitalize it. Make it a wall motto for your home—*AVOID THE "SITUATION."*

Doctor Parks objected. "But you're talking about neurotics." Well, maybe we are neurotics. But personally I think Doctor Parks, who is usually one of the wisest men in the world, has forgotten that most of the people he calls normal have more than a touch of neuroticism about them—that when they try to live together, all the hitches and strains and funny bunches of emotion are there just the same, and they rub and rub and twist and tangle until love develops into dislike, and what might have been a happy marriage becomes a quick trip to Reno.

Certainly by all of Doctor Parks's standards, so far as it is possible for an outsider to observe, Tom and Jill are the most normal people in the world. Yet the last time we were at their house for dinner, although they were perfectly polite about it, it was quite apparent that the basis for a frequent "situation" in the Tom-Jill family was the fact that he likes the windows wide open most of the time while she always wanted them closed. It is little things like that, Doctor Parks, that we strongly advise thinking about.

As I look back over the footnotes my husband and I have jotted down from time to time during five years of marriage I wonder how many of them will mean anything to other people. Why is so little written about happy marriage these days? I can't remember quickly any good recent novel about it, and nobody reads "John Halifax, Gentleman," any more. Just for some personal statistics, I went through my address-book checking the couples I thought were making a good job of their marriage. Even after giving some of them the benefit of the doubt and granting different standards of happiness than my own, the result of the checking was a shock. Perhaps some of these couples are happier at home than they are abroad, but that, I fear, is seldom really true.

Our notes on the stresses and strains of the first year were amusing to read over. One of the first things I noted was that my husband always left off the cap of the tooth paste. That was a small enough thing, but it irritated me, and according to our bargain I explained it. He now screws the cap on so tight that I have a hard time getting it off! This little adjustment is a symbol of other big adjustments we have made to each other, which go toward making our life together a gallant and a humorous one.

We had both been taught that familiarity bred contempt, and so were constantly on our guard against it. We have never allowed contempt to grow up between us for an instant. We have never held grudges against each other or suffered in silence. We have been polite to each other both in public and in private. He knocks on the bedroom door before coming in, and I do too. It's the little things like that that count. He has never opened a letter of mine, nor I of his, although we both feel that it wouldn't matter. We have no secrets from each other, but explain even the little embarrassing things that often cause big misunderstandings. He calls me up when he is going to be late and I do the same, so that there is never any worry or uncertainty between us. He doesn't like some of my friends and I can't stand some of his, but we never fight about them or inflict the undesirables upon each other unnecessarily. A friendship isn't important enough to interfere with our own relationship. We've each given up some of our friends without rancor, for this very reason. When we get on each other's nerves, we talk it out at the first opportunity and make some compromise that ends it. In fact, we've built up an edifice of understanding and tolerance which pervades our daily life together and keeps our marriage vows in permanently perfect condition.

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It occurs to me that the remedy for most of the difficulties of living together is the shifting of focus from oneself to the other person. Even egotists like my husband and I can do it, and it seems to work.

This is not an essay on sex. Sex adjustment is of vital and primary importance in married life, but, for the purposes of this discussion, I prefer to leave that phase in the hands of the scientists who have written so exhaustively about it. The solution of many other problems which arise in the marriage relation hinges upon it, yet with the quantity of information which is now available, with the frankness now possible between men and women, and the growing education and sophistication of young people everywhere, it seems absurd that any modern couple should, through a lack of courage, a false sense of modesty, or any other reason, not do everything possible to achieve a continuing and beautiful and satisfying sex relation. If such a relation does not develop in marriage, from my standpoint, the quicker the divorce the better. Passion does not continue at its height through the years; but it can be enriched by friendship and renewed again and again by a sort of reglowing, a deep love that strengthens with the years, reinforced by the memory of young ardor.

The matrimonial compromise is something that should be constantly in the minds of the partners. The fact that marriage calls for compromise is not a secret, and if one of the partners thinks all the compromises are to be in his or her favor there is plenty of trouble ahead. One partner is bound to dominate in certain fields. Usually the man sets down the financial laws, and the woman determines the social and domestic decisions. But many couples fail to realize that these fields overlap each other a good deal and hence they should both have a voice in everything. There is no reason why the dissenting opinion shouldn't be expressed with forcefulness but without rancor. Talking things out without quarrelling or sulking or displaying hurt feelings or harboring grudges is the first lesson to be learned by partners in matrimony. The childishness of most quarrels between husband and wife is painfully obvious. Infantile jealousy and selfishness are too often carried into middle age. It is here that the new psychology can help us by aiding us to be grown up at least by twenty-five or thirty, so that we will be capable of living in the grandest of human relationships.

I spoke about these footnotes to a number of my friends and they said, without a single exception: "Put in a plea for privacy." Men and women don't seem to realize that a certain amount of aloneness is a necessary part of the good life.

Of course, in the early years of married life, the companionship of doing everything together is glorious, and many people think that the thrill of it will continue indefinitely. When it doesn't they don't know what to do about it. They take it for granted that marriage means the end of both physical and mental privacy for both of them. In the crowded conditions of city life this situation rapidly becomes an acute one, but even where there is plenty of room the traditional attitude of the married couple and the time-worn restrictions put upon them by friends and neighbors often bring about the same result. I am not advocating separate rooms and separate amusements for man and wife, but merely an attitude of respect toward individuality of thought and action.

Suppose a man likes to go sailing and his wife is bored by it. If he spends every week-end aboard a boat he is being rude and selfish. If he had a week-end guest who didn't care for sailing he would stay at home. Why not be as polite to his wife as to his week-end guest, and go sailing every other week-end? Then probably she will go along occasionally, because it will be much easier to be a good companion on those terms.

This is not demanding self-sacrifice of either party. The very word sacrifice should have no place in the relationship of marriage, any more than it should have a place in any other sort of partnership. Conscious sacrifice (the kind one talks about and thinks about) breeds self-pity and is an artificial thing any way you look at it.

Among our friends, economics and flirtation

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(strange companions!) are the two most violent contributing forces toward marital infelicity. That question of money in marriage is a sad one. Independent individuals spending their own money, with no one but themselves to answer to, seem to get on so nicely. They marry, and instantly financial troubles begin to grow like weeds. It's not always lack of money, either, but the disposition of the family funds that causes the luxuriant growth. The only answer is a complete and business-like co-operation of husband and wife and the acceptance of a family budget that, while it need not be adhered to with a relentlessness that takes most of the joy out of life, will nevertheless keep them out of serious trouble.

My husband and I have a practically frictionless method, that of a joint bank account into which all our revenue goes. Being the mathematical member of our partnership, I keep the books and pay all the bills, household and otherwise. Early in each month I make a list of bills and commitments on a large manila envelope, the bills themselves being kept inside it. This and the check book are always available for my husband to consult and study. His secretary sends me a list of his checks each week, which I duly enter up. Around the 10th of each month, usually on a Sunday evening, the archives are brought out and the discussion is on. At this time all financial problems and resentments are discussed and any differences are fought out. I tell him that his club bills must come down and he tells me that I shouldn't have bought that new vacuum cleaner when he would rather have had a case of gin. We make our plans for the month, decide whether we can go to the theatre once, twice, or not at all, arrange for future insurance premiums and generally clear up the whole financial horizon as far as possible. It works very smoothly as long as there are sufficient funds in the exchequer to carry us on. As it is, we are constantly urging each other to buy new clothes, instead of individually rushing downtown to spend the clothes appropriation first. Whether that is cause or effect, I can't tell you!

Of course, we had our troubles with finance in our first year. My husband is generous to the point of extravagance and I am rather Scotch. It is a matter of temperament and upbringing, and most couples find they have differing sets of reactions to money matters. The need is to work out a system that will eliminate the friction that ruins a lot of marriages. I found that when I wanted to talk finances my husband usually didn't and would resent my bringing up the subject. So we concluded that a definite time must be set aside for such discussions, when they would become a matter of course instead of arguments arising from fancied injustice, hurt feelings or the irritation of the moment. We talk the whole thing out twelve times a year, and we find a lessening need to discuss the subject between times. The tenseness is gone between us and if he says, "Let's go out to dinner," and I reply, "We can't afford it, mister. Remember we're sailing pretty close to the wind this month," the thunderclouds don't have a chance to gather. "We can't afford it" hasn't the fighting ring it once had.

The extravagant husband and the practical wife must have some working agreement, lest the nagging begin. It is even more true when the situation is reversed and the wife has a fondness for charge accounts. There must be some provision for the complexities that each partner will bring to the subject, just as we have discovered.

"Every husband and wife need a vacation from each other once in a while." That is a statement hallowed by tradition and passed down from generation to generation. I wish it didn't carry so much weight as to make wives go away for long summers and accept the week-end husband arrangement. Of course many couples flourish under this summer plan, but too often two camps are established, one at the wife's base of operations and one at the husband's, and before they know it hostilities begin. I have seen this situation become the point of departure from which husband and wife radiated to Reno.

I have no patience with the spouse-swapping groups so prevalent in every town, suburb or city in America large enough to support a social club of any kind. Usually this game is played under the influence of liquor. Being discontented with one's current wife or husband becomes the convention in these communities and one wandering eye can turn a perfectly calm set of married folk into a silly and reckless crowd, with a couple of divorces in the

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offing. Most of you must have observed this strange human phenomenon, no matter what part of the country you live in.

Take the tragic history of Emily and her friends, which, like most such situations, has its touch of comedy. Emily's crowd of young married people lived happily in a suburb near New York City. They were fairly well-to-do. They belonged to the country club. They played good games of golf, tennis and bridge. They enjoyed books and the theatre. They had, most of them, several growing children. Emily's husband was probably the most attractive man of the group, but he didn't know it. He was nice to women, with that little excess of gallantry that too few American men have. That he was liked more than the other men of the group, he did not realize. Even now I dare say he doesn't. He also, rather suddenly, became spectacularly successful in business. He tried to carry Emily along with him into new contacts. She hung back. She suddenly became jealous of his success, of his old friends, of his new friends, particularly of the women whom he innocently allowed to make a fuss over him.

Emily proceeded to do what she thought her husband was doing. She was pretty and she was clever. She began to flirt violently with the other women's husbands. She flattered them and poured out her troubles to them. She roped them into surreptitious lunches in town, and indulged in malicious gossip that caused all sorts of trouble.

Eventually Emily's jealousy and her frantic efforts to be the storm-centre of the community turned her into a first-class neurotic and she is now under a doctor's care. Her husband is all at sea and blames himself, but isn't quite sure what for. It will be a long time before the echoes of her eloquent flirtations die down in that particular suburb.

I don't know what the answer is to a case like this. It would do no good to tell Emily she was a fool. If Emily's husband had noticed the storm signals soon enough he might have become a bore to all others and a Sir Walter Raleigh to her. He might have stuck by her side so consistently that she would have been reassured and stabilized. But what a job to foist on a tired business man!

To return to "Avoid the situation." This is our biggest wall motto and one we can recommend highly. It covers a great deal of ground because most of the differences that are labelled "mental cruelty" in the divorce plea start from small and unimportant situations that are unnecessarily allowed a foothold. Suppose a husband comes home from a stag party which has been very convivial and makes a number of remarks that he doesn't mean and will be sorry for in the morning. Should his wife sit up and argue it out with him? I think not. She should mix him a bromide and get him to bed, and forget about it. Irritability brought on by any number of physical conditions may breed a whole flock of situations that wreck happiness. This is where complete candor between a married couple can clear the air. Complete freedom of speech is an absolute necessity between them, and good taste need not be sacrificed an atom to achieve the kind of frankness I mean. A headache or an attack of indigestion may precipitate an avalanche of hard words, and a discussion started during that hungry hour before dinner or during that period in the month when the woman is not feeling her best may bring on a real quarrel. Two people living together must take all these things into account. The months of pregnancy are apt to be seriously unhappy unless both the man and the woman know what reactions to expect from the physical changes she is going through. Purely artificial situations of dislike, contempt and petty bickering grow from misunderstandings that can be so easily avoided. Marriage is not a reform school and human nature doesn't change over night. This is a general truth that we all know and believe, yet we go right on expecting miracles to happen. I know a woman whose husband is not strictly honest in money matters. She knew this before she married him, but thought she could change him. She is a wholly honest person herself and the situation galls her. Their marriage is at the breaking point after three years. But such situations arise where the only fault is that the husband invites too many people to dinner or the wife doesn't bathe frequently enough.

My husband and I were good friends for seven years before we married, and while such a long period of probation is scarcely necessary, what a boon

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it is in the matter of temperamental difficulties that are bound to arise between man and wife! We knew the liabilities as well as the assets, and there could be none of the disagreeable surprises that often accompany briefly considered marriages. In spite of this, there were many minor adjustments to be made. I knew that he was ultra-punctual while I was usually tardy. At first he would stamp around the room like a caged lion while I redid my hair. He would report on the passage of time so frequently that I wanted to shout expletives at him. We realized that this stress would cause many a quarrel and that we both must modify our conduct. Now he sits in the living-room smoking, with his watch in his pocket, and I start dressing sooner or hurry! The result is that instead of being half-an-hour early or half-an-hour late, we are exactly on time (and what a great social asset that is). Nor have we ever quarrelled about this difference in temperament, for we were able to nip it in the bud by this special treatment, and realized that it wasn't important enough to fight about!

Another point of difference was that my husband never found time to get his hair cut frequently enough to suit me. He usually looked like a chrysanthemum before he thought it necessary to complicate his busy day by a visit to the barber. He knew this was carelessness, but resented my telling him so. We talked it out one day and decided it was a childish thing to expend harsh words upon. I proceeded to absolve myself of any feeling of responsibility for the appearance of his hair, and he resolved to remove the cause of friction by keeping himself in trim. When he forgets now, we laugh about it and I threaten to take a course in barbership so that I can operate on him.

A sense of humor can do a lot to help out in temperamental difficulties. And by a sense of humor I don't mean wisecracking or teasing, which many grown-ups carry over from childhood. Deliver me from the husband who turns every serious or interesting conversation into a farce by a wisecrack. And the wisecracking wife is worse.

The old rule too seldom followed of allowing no third person to interfere with us is one my husband and I discussed and thoroughly agreed upon when we were engaged. We included friends, in-laws and children. We have to remind each other of it occasionally because friends just love to make situations for us where they really don't exist. And families continue to interfere, and young people continue to let them. In spite of the mother-in-law joke, tradition says that in-laws have every right to dabble with any marriage that happens in the family, to insist that the young folk live next door when they don't want to, to run in on them whenever they feel like it, to offer them advice that is always one-sided, and to mix up things for them in general.

We include children on the list because so many couples come to blows over the discipline and education of these by-products. It may sound selfish to call them that, but we feel that children get along better when considered as happy additions to the marriage rather than rulers of the home. We discuss our children and their problems when they are in bed, and not when they are sitting on the carpet between us. When they are with us we try to present an undivided front on all matters of policy and routine. Whichever one of us starts the discipline, finishes it with no criticism from the sidelines. Children often play one parent off against another if they see it can be done, and many marriages show rifts of this sort.

If the first five years are really the hardest, then these footnotes cover the most important adjustments of our particular alliance. Will any one reading them get a glimmering of what I mean when I say that the little things are the big things? Of course, I haven't said a word about the real crux of the matter, which is the magic understanding that we, and other couples who are in love, have, but that cannot be put into words. But we know it's there and we keep it alive by all these little ways I've been talking about, because it means more to us than anything else in the world. That's the whole story, I guess.

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LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

New York Lawyer

By William Maybree Downing

I BELIEVE that there are three major experiences for men, that only in the enjoyment of all three can life become full. One is love; one is the act of doing well, of achievement among men; one is the contemplation of forms and the contemplation or memory of acts. A man whose life is occupied with one of these to the exclusion of the others, or with two to the exclusion of one, is deprived of a portion of what is due him as a man. I find myself in early maturity questioning my way of living.

For ten years I have been a lawyer in a large New York law office. For ten years I have had time for action, I have stolen a little time for love, I have neglected contemplation. Now I look back upon the last ten years and try to meditate. What in retrospect tends to exalt and bring a glow of permanent pleasure? The fact that I have worked unceasingly and industriously upon legal problems for others does not stir me in the memory of it; that I have fought my way from obscurity among lawyers in the largest city of the United States to a place beside those of growing reputation, is an achievement that pleases and entitles me to a measure of pride—but in reality it gives only a mild satisfaction; and I take but pale delight in that I have kept abreast of my generation and college classmates financially and socially. Somehow there is a zest lacking in the contemplation of these deeds. There are deeper sensations I know—I have loved and I have suffered with a friend. Of course there has been the daily joy—or pain—of work, sometimes joy, sometimes pain. As I look back the pains seem to balance the joys in my triumphs and failures along the way. If there had been one real effort to strangle an injustice, one trial to overcome wrong at some personal sacrifice, a trying attention to banish some error—but I recall none.

As to the exaltations which accompany a sympathetic absorption in the contemplation of artistic forms and the beauties of nature—these I know nothing of. There has been no time to watch the play of shadows and lights on mountains and seas, or to live intimately with the great creations of men, with the masterpieces of art and music. As to love: my experiences in it will appear as I describe my last ten years.

My aim upon leaving law school was to make myself an excellent lawyer and thereby take a prominent place among the outstanding lawyers of the country. The accomplishment of this I knew would bring me a good living and an opportunity to acquire and enjoy the many things which seemed desirable: a home and children, travel, a library, and possible friendships with the "best" of the land. There was no other aim in my mind except a vague desire for fame, although I hoped to be able to help see justice done when a chance presented itself. Already at law school (Harvard) impractical idealisms and enthusiasms had succumbed in the rigorous exercise of "learning the law." There, there was nothing to keep alive a dwindling determination to expand fully and test out diversity of adaptabilities.

I descended from Cambridge to New York to begin the practice of the law well prepared to meet the conditions that greeted me; I was used to hard mental application for extended periods and ready to give all of my energies and time to work; I was anxious to see in practice the theories I had lived with for three strenuous years and willing to be shown how to apply them; I wanted to learn the "game"; and I carried in my heart a reverence for an ability to accomplish practical ends and to think clearly.

The excitements of the first year remain vividly in my mind: how trembling in my anxiety to

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please I presented myself before a senior partner to be told to "search the books" for decisions aiding the solution of actual legal problems; the following days of search in hundreds of volumes, now and then joyfully finding a case bearing directly upon the points at issue; the preparation of "memoranda of law" to be read by the partners and possibly used in the drawing up of a brief, or in forming a course of action for a mammoth and famous corporation. For many months the awe and reverence of a neophyte kept my mind taut and my spirit active. An occasional conversation with an older lawyer in the office aroused my wonder and admiration at the possibilities of the analytical power of the human mind. And I respected the close attention to work and the earnestness with which my superiors dedicated their lives to the affairs of their clients.

In the first enthusiasm of these observations I labelled the hard work "high endeavor." Here were men engaged through tireless days, growing into months and years, in exerting the highest human faculty, the mind in its most strenuous development, in the solutions of the most complicated problems of a complex legal system, or upon the equally knotty intricacies which keep in smooth running order the financial structure of the country. I observed how keenly trained some of them were. It seemed that every obscure legal principle which I located in the dicta of judges had been considered before I brought it to their attention. Although the older men were seldom seen in the library where I spent my entire days and many, many evenings until twelve or one o'clock, it was infrequently that I discovered a line of cases or a principle which had not been thought of. Their skilfulness was impressed upon me in a hundred other ways: in drafting legal papers phrases full of meaning and closely packed thought seemed to spring spontaneously and endlessly from a bottomless well of knowledge; every possible legal and business contingency was thought out; letters were masterpieces of sound advice and legal acumen; a steady stream of excellent judgments flowed for eight or nine or ten or more hours every day of the year.

To acquire the knowledge and skill necessary to become as proficient as my superiors—this seemed to me an entirely laudable and worthy ambition. To become one who wastes no seconds of a business day, whose mind thinks clearly all day, every day, and who is able to form good judgments speedily; to become one of these experts of mental discipline—that was my immediate task and I threw myself into it with youthful determination.

It was three years before I thought of myself, of anything except the office. For three years I gave myself without stint to each day's "job," no matter how small or insignificant it appeared to be. That was the way the older men had won their places. It began to prove a fascinating occupation—this getting things done. Days and days were full of life in the mere doing of tasks, of being able to do things that others wanted done, and of doing them well. (This can become almost a disease—this satisfaction in activity for its own sake.) Soon I was no longer only looking up the law and placing legal dicta before my "masters." I was assigned to a department which happened to need help at that particular time, the corporation department, where I began, under the tutelage of an older clerk, to write letters and draft mortgages, bonds, and other papers. Everything was done with meticulous care, every letter was re-read by a partner, every legal agreement gone over by an older man. The watchword was: The best men are made in the hardest schools.

I had wanted a groove or rut, a safe place. That I was finding it began to be certain. I had started working in the summer and had pushed my energy and mind to the limit of capacity all through the first winter and summer, the next winter and summer and the third winter. Consistent night work I had done uncomplainingly. My seniors had done that too in the earlier years—all of them. Vacations I was willing to give up, for by such willingness I thought I would step ahead of my colleagues. *And I did!* By the third spring I had chiselled a little niche for myself—and I was tired. I commenced to seek diversion, even though I felt it to be stolen from some forbidden store of sin. My desired ends were so definite that play along the way I looked upon as wasteful.

Now gin and whiskey to ease the May evenings—cigarettes an hourly habit of the day. Then there came a summer dance—a red dress—another summer dance. *We* planned an autumn vacation.

I remember the day before our marriage with peculiar vividness; a particularly busy day at the of-

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fice and an unusually hot one. Instead of lunch I bought the wedding ring. At two o'clock a corporation for whom I had been acting as secretary decided to have a board of directors' meeting at four-thirty, an important meeting to argue out differences among the members. I was called on the telephone and asked to be there without fail. I sought our office manager, explained my desire to be excused from the meeting owing to a large dinner party preceding my marriage, and pointed out that some one else from the office could attend the meeting as well as I. "No," he said, "I want you to go; you are the only one in the office who can do it properly (he said this because of my intimate familiarity with the past discussions of that board of directors); I want an uninterrupted service given Empire Trux, Inc., the meeting will probably be over in time for you to go to the dinner party."

I recall my emotions of that afternoon distinctly. I went to the meeting at which I had to be in possession of nimbleness of wit and clarity of mind. I wrote the corporation's minutes of that meeting as well as I could have written them under any circumstances. Yet the three hours closeted with that board stand out as one of the few emotionally intense experiences of the past ten years. A wild tumult and gnawing surged up and down my thorax—a sensation so new and so violent that I distrusted it, called it fear, tried to banish it, determined to live it down. At eight o'clock that night I began dictating the minutes of the three-hour stormy session, my wedding exactly thirteen hours away. At nine forty-five I was on my way up-town in a subway. I had left a clear slate at the office; I could see no possibility of criticism during my absence, our honeymoon. We were married at nine o'clock the following morning at Trinity Church at the junction of Wall Street and Broadway, within sight of my office.

Our wedding trip? Well, I discovered that love was a matter that could not be solved in four and one-half weeks, and blindly turning from it looked upon my career as of far more importance than love. We returned to New York. I was anxious to be relieved by the narcotic effect of the office routine from the perplexing questions arising in the adjustments to married life, and I nervously wanted to continue my path to success in exactly the manner I had begun it. I plunged into work harder than ever, leaving entirely unsolved a hundred complexities. The solutions that have come since have been worked out by my wife; our home now runs as smoothly and as evenly as the office. Love seems to be adjustable, like golf and bridge.

Now months of work! Through illnesses of my wife: through weeks and days preceding the birth of our child, even on the day of that birth; through my periods of physical debility; despite everything and every one I went to my office at nine-thirty each morning and worked at the piles of papers and problems that came to me through the channels of efficiently specialized office routine. And I scarcely noticed what was happening to me. Weeks passed, months passed, the steady stream of duties never lessened. They never lessened because I was greedy for work, greedy to train myself to be able to do more than those around me; knowing that only in that way could I hope to outdistance them. "If I can just get through the first ten years," I thought, "all will be accomplished." There was a secret joy within as various younger men of the office from time to time told me of their intentions to leave. One by one those ahead of me were eliminating themselves from a partnership. One resigned to go to a smaller city where he thought he might be able to live "more fully" as he expressed it; one accepted an offer of another law firm in New York City with an increased salary; another became a broker; another a banker, hoping that monetary rewards might be higher for a similar expenditure of effort; another left in disgust of the brutal facts of city competition, seeking salvation of soul in the country; it became evident that another would never be made a partner because of habits of thought and of life which interfered with quantitative results.—I marched on and on. At times it was hard, very hard. Many and many a morning I wanted to lie in bed; often I wanted to come home early and read, or—do nothing. Many long week-ends in the country my wife and I dreamed of and talked of and gave up.

In one sense life was incomparably simple. I had fixed an attainable goal—a partnership in an office which was willing to accept as partners men of my background and abilities, provided they worked steadily enough and jealously demanded the recognition due them as careful and industrious lawyers. And it was not difficult to see the way

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to gain recognition: I saw that I must have—first—self-assurance, which can only be acquired in the legitimate sense by an inner realization of ability and power. By ability I mean an ability to do well a large amount of work; by power I mean the power to impress others with this ability. I found that power follows ability when that ability is combined with rapid and intense activity, for in the sweat, bustle and flurry of excessive industry there is no time for nor tendency toward modesty, self-consciousness or hesitation. I learned to do a few things well, I learned them so well that I was called upon to do them whenever an occasion to have such matters done, arose in the office. I did them readily and speedily and authoritatively. Out of this ability grew a small amount of power. And as my abilities and power increased I grasped at the edges of partnership and began to tremble with joyous anticipation.

Now there came an almost complete absorption in the office. To learn to do well, to keep learning and doing—this required a closer and closer attention and a more definite exclusion of all other interests. I read all the office mail. I talked office gossip at lunch and in the evenings. I studied how to please the powerful partners; I studied their habits, their whims, how to converse with them. I never let an opportunity go by to bring myself by subtle and delicate means to the attention of a partner or of an important client.

But my life was principally occupied in getting things done. Before me each day lay a multitude of duties, matters that had to be disposed of that day for one reason or another. I observed that in doing them I must somehow make each "job" mine, in some way attach my name to everything that I possibly could. I must devise situations that made it proper form for me to sign my own name to letters instead of the firm name; that is, I must become acquainted with those to whom I wrote letters. (In large legal offices hundreds of letters are answered by young men who sign the firm name and who do not see clients for months or even years.) I found ways to bring this to pass; I made excuses to telephone clients to whom I wrote, I followed these telephone conversations with personal calls. All work done for partners or under their supervision left my desk labelled as my work and I polished and filed until I could do no better. This care cost me week-ends, evenings, Sundays—but my work must be excellent as well as abundant! And it was. I pleased the partners, I pleased the clients.

And I won a partnership!

I had learned to conserve time, I had acquired some of the wizardry that so colored my first impression of a busy law office.

Now I am well established and the work goes on and on.

There are always some evenings spent at home. But whether at home or at a friend's, they are very much alike. They begin about seven-fifteen. We used to mix the cocktails ourselves. Lately we have trained a maid to do so. She brings into the living-room a tray on which is a large shaker containing a half-quart of cocktails and four or six glasses, depending upon our number, and some canape of anchovies, sardines, olives, crackers. The host then gives a final motion to the gin mixture while those present watch him and make facetious remarks about the way he does it or about the size of the shaker, or about the baseball scores or the Irish sweepstakes. Occasionally some one tells a good story or brings international topics into discussion.

At this moment of the day I nearly always feel fatigued and hopelessly inadequate; my humor seems feeble and strained, and I find it best usually to retire behind an inscrutable silence and a half-worried face. There is no resiliency. If I am started upon any discussion my mind will function well; I will recall facts learned from newspapers and a few magazines and from the far past and I will come at length to a reasonable answer. I will probably see all sides of a disputed matter and gladly agree with any one or disagree with any one and remain entirely reasonable. At times, to bear my share of responsibilities, I will begin a subject myself. I have had enthusiasms but lately I have looked upon them with an ever-declining intensity. I buy a few first editions, a few etchings. I used to talk a good deal of the Elizabethan Age. But what do I really know or care of it? I used to carry books under my arm for subways, for half-hours at noon time, I used to set myself to definite intellectual tasks at home—of reading or writing. Some evening I would find two hours to refresh old memories of poetry and history; then it would be nine days later before office duties, social duties and ex-

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treme fatigue would allow me another hour. What do I really know or care about the Elizabethan Age?

The cocktails served—we each have at least three and they are large and strong—we go to dinner, where the conversation grows brighter. We laugh, we feel elated—no longer Dionysian! I notice lately that all of our endeavors have a dignified moderation. Coffee is served in the living-room. At dinner we have pursued the fortunes of stocks and of the corporations behind them with such thoroughness that by nine-thirty we are ready for a change of thought. We play bridge well, so we like the game—there is a reasonable quality about it, a logical atmosphere pervades the bridge table. I also like the whiskey and soda that goes with it.

I sometimes dream: for I sometimes read a poem or visit an art gallery. I am moved by the tapestry of autumn colors when I drive rapidly to Canada in October; when I play golf in Pennsylvania I am stirred by the vividness of green grass and the beauty of wild flowers. But to-night as I write this I feel as effete as Europe. I will go on like my mind, turning out excellent legal work, gathering legal reputation, gathering wealth, gathering efficiency. I will train young men to become as I am. I am now negotiating the purchase of a country house and ten acres of land in Connecticut; I feel of some importance by reason of the mere size of my growing bank account.

Perhaps—perhaps I shall wear off my exhaustion. Perhaps I shall once again see the earth as a bright jewelled boat and go out under the heavens and cry to the stars:

"Travellers in beauty, hail! from boon Earth!"

And hear the reply:

"Hail! travellers in beauty, hail! hail, hail, hail."

A Bride in a Box Car

By Ivy Grant Morton

I AM not a female vagrant, queen of the hoboes, or even the wife of one, although my husband's name does happen to be William; but my friends and family must have suspected that I was about to become at least one of these, from their looks of uncontrolled horror when I told them where my future home was to be. I suppose they pictured me arising in the morning fully dressed from my bed of straw, dusting off my clothes, picking the chaff out of my hair, and sallying forth to make the morning coffee in a tomato can. At any rate, when I invited them to come and see for themselves the coziness of a box car, they were invariably polite but evasive, as if I were about to turn into a sort of weary, wandering Wilhelmina, with whom it would be not quite respectable to associate.

In the village where I taught after graduation I had met a mechanic, who became, before I eventually married him, a welder on the railroad, with his living quarters in a freight car. As this was my own first acquaintance with the fact that these cars ever were made habitable, or occupied by any one except verminous vagrants, I really could not blame my friends and relatives for their feeling in the matter. It was a prevalent state of mind everywhere, I found later.

Various maintenance-of-way men—the movable ones, such as welders, bridge gangs and painters, who have no permanent divisions, but are moved here and there wherever repairs are needed most—are lodged in groups of several cars each, fitted up for occupancy, and called an outfit. The larger outfits house many men, and have a regular cook; but the welding gangs are small, and usually include only the foreman and his helper with their two house cars, the tool car, and the water car which is attached when the outfit is to be sent to a station where there is no available water supply.

It was as the bride of the foreman of one of these outfits that I gazed upon my first home, a red box car, sidetracked in the shadow of a great grain ele-

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vator, and by far the most conspicuous feature of the landscape! It was fetchingly decorated with garlands of old shoes, and bangles of tin cans were suspended from the eaves by bright-colored calico strings. There was black on the doors, and large signs completed the general publicity. William's friends would have their little joke, although they did kindly omit the customary charivari.

As the door—which, by the way, was secured after the fashion of barns and garages, by a padlock through a staple—swung open, I saw that my glowing descriptions of conveniently equipped box cars did not apply to the one in which I was to begin house-keeping.

It was the smallest-sized car, thirty feet long by eight feet wide, and divided into three parts, which were called by courtesy kitchen, living-room, and bedroom, the ceilings of which cleared our heads by about three inches. These rooms were painted in blue and white, and had plenty of small windows, while in the bedroom a large closet left space for nothing save the bed, dresser, and standing room for one.

In the kitchen, bags were very much in the way for want of storage space; dishes fitted into the combination cupboard-desk like the parts of a puzzle—if I misplaced the salt shaker, I couldn't possibly find room for the plates—and the absence of a sink necessitated throwing waste water out of the end door, at the imminent peril of throwing myself out after it.

I had supposed that it would be simple to keep house in this small domain; but I soon discovered that I could hardly turn about without knocking something over, and starry visions caused by contact with projecting corners became a daily occurrence.

Some of our few pieces of furniture William had made in order that they might be able to stand the exigencies of moving day; a wise precaution, as we found afterward. These consisted of the following: one dresser, one kitchen table, one combination cupboard-desk, and one small bookcase, besides which we possessed two caboose chairs, one willow rocker, one oil stove, my cedar chest, and the bed. Also, one home-made taboret, and two ferns in cracked pots, having been dropped from the station platform on their arrival. Neither showed great enthusiasm for their new existence, and finally languished and died.

William carried the water for cooking and drinking purposes from the station in large buckets, but for washing clothes and dishes, I carried water from the tank car, until later on it was piped into the kitchen.

Our first station was a little village located on one of the main railroads running through central California, and subject to all the drawbacks of its kind. I had planned lamb chops, fresh peas, and strawberry shortcake for our first dinner together, but my plan was slightly askewed at the meat shop when, upon asking for lamb, I was informed that they had only beef to-day, and would have pork to-morrow. Lamb, I gathered, was of the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Subsequently, I returned home with a round steak guaranteed to stand hard usage, a bunch of wilted carrots, a can of distressingly high-priced pears, and a feeling of depression, wondering how I could make a new husband happy on such fare!

Most of the railroad men went to work at seven-thirty in the morning, quit at four-thirty, and dined immediately. It seemed wisest to follow the general custom, but it meant that I had no sooner washed the lunch dishes and yawned luxuriously, than it was time to start getting afternoon dinner. Dinner over at five o'clock made interminably long evenings, which were usually spent by the other railroad people in playing five hundred. Books had always interested me more than anything else, and I often grew so sleepy over the cards that I saw everything double, and consequently made some rather peculiar plays.

A welder's work consists in fusing, by means of a very hot flame, the ends of worn or broken joints in the rails, and is a very dangerous occupation, due to the fact that the acetylene and oxygen gases used in the process are inflammable and explosive. A jarring of the gas cylinders or a backfire in the torch may mean an explosion which will tear large holes in the landscape, and cause the welder to be distributed over a large portion thereof. Another danger arises from the fact that a welder sits astride a rail as he works, wears goggles to protect his eyes from the glare of the torch, and can hear nothing because of the noise from the welding. Thus a train may easily creep upon him unawares, before he can get his person and equipment out of the way.

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These contingencies necessitate having a helper, whose duties consist of watching the tracks and warning of the approach of trains, rolling cylinders of gas up for use, and otherwise assisting. Several times William and Mr. Warner, his helper, barely had time to leap out of the way as an extra train thundered by.

Our first helper's family consisted of his wife, her mother, and the cat, Jimmy, upon whom much affection was lavished. They were most congenial companions, and the section foreman and his wife were delightful people also, fond of cards and dancing.

It was the section foreman who called us one evening shortly after my advent into box-car society, to see the Northern Lights, a phenomenon so unusual in California that we were hardly sure just what it was. It looked more like the Judgment Day than anything else. Long streamers of green and rose, like some sort of celestial search-lights, seemed to spread and play across the sky, while in one spot the radiance fluttered eerily like a chiffon veil blowing in a light breeze. For nearly an hour we stood entranced watching for new rays to appear; but at last they faded away, and I had to return to the prosaic task of washing dishes.

This was a long-remembered experience, but in a day or two I had another long remembered, but not so pleasant. Even before I was married, I had anticipated being "bumped," when the house car was moved for the first time. It should have been a rather thrilling sensation under proper conditions, namely, preparedness, and my husband's reassuring presence. As it fell out, I had neither.

When the time came, the outfit was to be attached to a local freight, and, after much switching and consequent jolting, deposited at the next stop. A warning, and plenty of time for getting ready, was supposed to be given. It was with something of a panicky feeling that, on starting for town one afternoon, I discovered a brakeman in the act of removing the steps from my front door, preparatory to heaving them into the living-room! This could mean but one thing.

"You ready to move?" he said brusquely. "Sorry, but we're going in about five minutes."

I was almost beside myself. "Wait, wait," I cried. "I'm not packed, and all my dishes will be broken. I've had no time to get ready."

"We've got to put a couple of cars in down at that other warehouse, and the outfit's in the way. We've got to do it," and he threw the steps in and walked off, leaving me to my fate.

I did not know what to do first, and there was little time to decide. Setting my wash-boiler on the kitchen floor, I threw a heavy Turkish towel in, and carefully placed upon it my precious bits of china and glass. Then I rushed into the bedroom and deposited a slender crystal vase and several other breakables in the middle of the bed. I heard the engine bearing down upon the car. Envisioning the cupboard doors flying open, and the dishes in a heap on the floor, I took my final stand there, arms upraised to save what I could. Then there came a horrible sickening thud as the engine was coupled, which almost took me off my feet. The dishes rattled, and something fell behind me; what, I dared not look to see, as another jolt might follow immediately. Again came the bump, accompanied by more sounds of falling things, and the dishes slid forward threateningly. Twelve times in all was that soul-shaking experience repeated before we were set back where we had been, and I was free to view the damages.

Luckily, nothing was seriously injured except my nerves. But the kerosene had splashed out of my oil stove at every jolt, and distributed itself over a large area of newly scrubbed floor; most of my precious bucket of water was spilled, and a full box of powder had slid from the dresser and filled the bedroom with a perfumed cloud. In short, everything in the car looked as if it had been on a glorious jag. I was thoroughly indignant, and started for the helper's car to learn how they had fared. I found Mrs. Warner scooping half-congealed jello and fruit from the floor. "We'll go short on dessert to-night, I'm afraid," she laughed. "Over half of it slopped out before we knew it. Those certainly were the worst bumps we've ever had!"

On the way back to our car I discovered that our chimney had been laid prone on the roof; and the section foreman, who strolled up to condole with us, explained that the local was late, and the crew had not had their dinner, but later we discovered that they had a reputation for being rough. On some of the divisions, I was told, the boss's wife fed the crew cake on moving day, so they would

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feel good-natured, and switch the cars gently; but I never had a chance to try the efficacy of that plan.

When we really were ready to move, we stocked up on all sorts of canned goods that would sustain us in the absence of fresh meat and vegetables, since our next stop would be three miles from town, and no way of getting there except on foot or the railroad motor; for although Warners possessed an automobile of sorts, we had none. The water tank, also, had to be emptied, scrubbed out thoroughly, and refilled with fresh water, for Tomlinson boasted nothing but a large grain warehouse and a small covered waiting seat.

On this occasion the bumps were very gentle, and we were all packed, tied, and ready; so we sat in state in the open door, dangled our feet, and watched the landscape flow by; something I had never expected to view from the door of a freight car.

Sidetracked at last in Tomlinson, we proceeded to lunch in order that the men might go to work, and I remember that on that first moving day I had made a farewell purchase of fresh meat, a pot roast of extreme durability, which lasted some time because we could chew only a few bites at a meal. The spring wind swept across the broad expanses of ripening wheat, and moaned like a tormented thing around the corners of our little car. Not a spear of green could be seen, not even a tree, for miles around; even the foothills in the background were sear and brown. The only living things seemed to be jack rabbits and flies—it was too dry for mosquitoes, and for that mercy at least, we were thankful. That coyotes, also, were present, we became aware a few nights later, when they set up an unearthly howling after a train had gone by. The flies were positively vicious—lisle stockings seemed not to daunt them in the least—and there was every variety from house to horse, all equally hungry. The ground was so hard that to dig a hole in which to bury the garbage was like excavating for a grave in the middle of a well-paved highway.

Our chief recreation, aside from playing five hundred, was to go out rabbit hunting in Warner's flivver after dinner, when the bunnies were most likely to be abroad. Cotton tails were our particular aim, but they were scarce although long-eared jack rabbits loped lazily in all directions. At least these rabbit shoots furnished us with mild excitement, and occasional fresh meat, while Jimmy the cat welcomed the refuse with glad cries.

As the men began working farther and farther up the line, they began taking lunches. There was a mad scramble after breakfast to get these put up, and then from seven-thirty until four-thirty we sat alone in the midst of grain, watching the heat simmer above those glistening fields; for by that time the sun was warming up to his task with great enthusiasm, and kindly provided us with hot running water from our iron tank car—very convenient for laundering clothes, dishes and ourselves, but somewhat undesirable when we had a thirst to quench.

The company did not furnish ice until a certain date, and if the weather was ahead of its schedule, the box-car sojourners were in a sorry plight. The men, especially, suffered between two fires: the sun on their backs, the welding torch on their faces, and only luke-warm water to drink. However, the freight crews were kindly souls; almost every day as they passed, they pushed off a large piece of ice from one of the refrigerator cars, or gave us some from their own supply. This we picked up in dish pans and wash tubs, even to the smallest bits, as one would collect jewels spilled from a treasure chest. It happened that Bess Warner knew one of the engineers, and often chatted with him when his freight train sidetracked for a fast passenger to go by. This chance acquaintance enlarged our ice supply considerably.

One morning as the freight train with its friendly engineer vanished into the distance, Bess suddenly, half crying, burst out: "What a fool I am!" I wildly conjectured that she had once been in love with this trainman, but when the tale unfolded, it had nothing to do with the engineer, but much with her present environment and husband. At any rate, she had decided to leave them, the sun-baked earth, it appeared, being the underlying cause of her decision. Briefly, Eric had been slow about digging the garbage pit, and Bess to shame him had attempted to dig it herself. Her efforts were as hen scratchings upon asphalt, and Eric not only had refrained from offers of aid, but had insulted injury by long, loud laughter; whereupon his wife blew up with a bang. He did not love her; he gave her no money for clothes, and, most prickly of all, she had turned down, in order to marry him, a man of much wealth.

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"What a fool I was," she repeated. "That's what comes of marrying for love!"

These were thrilling confessions for the ear of a month-old bride. I remember listening with a weak sensation in my middle, and speculating as to whether, in the same length of time, I should be execrating my lot, and calling myself names.

Bess did indeed have her trunk packed, but getting away was something else. Such a station is the poorest place in the world to leave one's husband, for no northbound train stopped, and a southbound one only on flag. To hoist trunks and baggage out of a box car, over to the main track, and onto this one impatient train was unthinkable without masculine strength; and one can hardly request the assistance of a husband with whom one is at outs, when the chief end and aim is to get away unseen.

Consequently, a sort of armed truce was declared, and in a week or two, by some mysterious shake-up, the Warners were transferred to another division in a green and lovely district. Here they lived quite peacefully for a month or more, then quit the railroad, separated, and later rejoined one another. I shall always remember them as most amiable friends, but alas, I have lost track of them as one will, and may never see them again.

We were left without a helper. Coming home one Sunday night, we found a new one had arrived—a widower. That meant no feminine company for me, and a somewhat lonesome time I had of it for the next month and a half. Nevertheless, he was a pleasant soul, who played pinochle with my husband, and was gallant to me, with a happy effect upon my mate, who, having acquired his wife after months of courteous attention, was beginning to show signs of letting down.

As the new living-quarters which we were supposed to have had remained conspicuously absent, we wrote to the roadmaster, and in a short time a car appeared, although not the one originally intended for us. This was thirty-five feet long, unpartitioned, and shining with fresh paint—its interior color scheme a gladsome red and yellow! Immediately we began remodelling and painting. Most of the time we lived in that car it was littered with shavings and pieces of lumber.

Harvesters were going full blast in the grain fields by that time, leaving acres of stubble dotted with piles of sacks where the dry whisper of waving wheat had been.

Again we moved—three miles down the line to Josephine, which had a warehouse, a telephone booth, a waiting-room, and one tree upon which I gazed in ecstasy. Farther on, there was a stream, practically dry, but bordered by green grass and trees. However, my zeal for walking seldom extended so far. Once in a particularly generous mood, I made a pail of iced lemonade which I carried out to the men, who were working a half mile away. My husband, after engulfing a quart or so, remarked that it was too sour; whereupon the widower, that sweet balm in Gilead, salved my feelings by declaring it just right, and bestowed upon William a look which plainly named him the prince of churls.

At Josephine, I stayed day after day alone in the box car; the sun beating down, and those glistening expanses of stubble striking into my soul, until to this day I cannot see a dry grain field without a feeling of mental and physical nausea. Even the hoboes avoided that stretch of road—in all that summer and fall only three stopped at the car, two asking for coffee, and one for a match. The only break in the monotony was produced by the grain teams, which, heralded by bells, and guided by word of mouth and a jerk-line, drove in to the warehouse from every direction. Of the drivers, one especially was a character. His call to his horses, like an ancient chant, could be heard a quarter of a mile across the stubble.

Thus another month of that hot summer wore away. We acquired an automobile of second-hand vintage, and better than anything else, we fell heir to another house car, left behind one day by the local. It had belonged to William's very first helper, not much more than a boy, who had departed the railroad when he and his wife had been stationed in the desert with a new and extremely colicky baby!

We looked upon the entire proceeding as a special dispensation of Providence, and appropriated the car before any one should change his mind. This was a car! Forty feet long, eight feet wide, and plenty of room to stretch our necks. There was a sink and draining-board in the kitchen; plenteous cupboard room; a built-in icebox; a chest of drawers, and walls painted a warm tan. Joyfully we do-

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nated our garish red-and-yellow domicile to the helper, mourning only the glass doors which William had found somewhere, and set into our kitchen cupboard.

On our next move, to Marion, we were absent, but we knew it was the rough crew's day on the local. When we viewed the interior of our car, we decided they had been hungry again, for our bookcase was lying prone on its face, and everything else was similarly dislocated.

Marion was a great improvement over Josephine, for it was actually populated—mostly by railroad people, it is true, but nevertheless populated. Here our helper left us for an outfit of his own, and was succeeded by a married man with a very nice wife, and a son, a lovable youth of thirteen or fourteen.

It was at this point that I began to reflect upon the much-marriedness of railroad people; at least of those whom I knew. The station agent's wife had her second husband; the signal maintainer, his second wife. William's first boss and his wife had each been married once before; our first helper had had his second wife, and she was ready to leave him; our second helper had been a widower, having managed to stay so for thirteen years; while our new helper had his third wife. I decided that railroading was a dangerous occupation in more ways than one, especially for wives. The mortality seemed great, likewise the nerve strain, for death and divorce appeared to divide the honors about equally. At our next stop we were to find that the agent had been twice married! Perhaps it was due to these disturbing statistics as much as to anything else, that I was ready to leave the railroad when an opportunity offered.

Not long after our arrival in the little hamlet of Marion, the pleasant, cushiony woman in charge of the hotel—which was a private home with an extra bed—opened a store in her parlor. Here we could buy milk, eggs, butter, and canned foods. For fresh vegetables we took the car after work, and drove five miles over rough roads to a store on the highway; and for fresh meat eight miles farther to a small town where we often indulged in movies and ice-cream on warm evenings.

My piano was moved into the car also, while we were in Marion, and we found its tone much jangled, a condition which subsequent movings did not improve. However, its presence added to our feeling of civilization.

At this station, the railroad company maintained a water tank filled by an electric pump, which furnished running water for its employees. To facilitate carrying the water supply for the car, William attached a connection, and piped it to within a few yards of our door. The water for my cooking and car use was carried every few days, and placed in large tanks equipped with faucets, which stood on a shelf over the sink. Thus I had running water as long as my good husband kept the tanks filled, but oh, the mud and sand which he tracked across my floors in doing it!

One day, on going to the faucet outside for a fresh drink, I found something floating in my cup, which, upon examination, proved to be a feather. How in the world, I wondered, did a feather get into the pipe; and when William came home, I propounded the question to him. He seized a bucket, and began to run water out of the faucet. Suddenly something shot into the pail, which to our horror, we found to be feathers, unmistakably imbedded in a piece of flesh. That was enough! William dashed up to the station, and returned with the agent. Together they climbed up, and investigated the tank. It contained a water-soaked and much dilapidated owl, already separating into its component parts. Shudders! Dinner was ready, but nobody partook that evening. Instead there was an immediate emptying of the tank, which resulted in a young flood about the water tower; and much scrubbing and flushing before a new supply of water was set a-pumping.

Then at last, after a couple of months at Marion, another move was scheduled, and we looked forward with pleasure to a change. This time it was to be Lanada, which was some miles in the opposite direction.

It is remarkable how different are section foremen and their work! While our helper drove our automobile, we rode to our destination in the car on account of our piano, not knowing just how it would conduct itself on its first journey. And a good thing we did! Over the first section we went

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very smoothly, but immediately we struck the next one, everything in the car began to "shimmy," a movement which at that time was very popular. The articles which I had placed on the bed as usual, for safe keeping, hopped up and down, up and down, until finally the bed shook itself apart, and one side went slanting, while we dashed to the rescue. From then on, we were dashing to the rescue in every direction at once. Each piece of furniture moved from a few inches to a foot; and our poor piano rocked and rolled like a ship in a storm, until William was obliged to steady it over the bad section, lest it fall with a crash. The stovepipe disconnected itself from the chimney hole, and had to be hastily taken down, whereupon the soot which had been dislodged showered in every direction. A bowl of roses chasséed over the tabletop like a dancer on New Year's Eve, and glided so near the edge that I set it on the floor in a fright. I sat in the open car door as usual; but when my spine began to feel as if each separate vertebra was being uncoupled, I looked for another seat. The only place I could find which did not jounce unmercifully was in the centre of the couch, which, I forgot to mention, had been added to our supply of furniture in order to have an extra bed. I am afraid its springs have never been quite the same since. Fortunately we struck smoother road in a few miles, before we and our possessions were entirely disintegrated.

Lanada had been started by a land development company, and elaborately laid out with palm-bordered streets, and buildings with fancy stucco fronts. Electroliers, even, had been installed, while a lovely little park and a rather pretentious hotel, with a swimming-pool beside it, made us ponder upon the fate which sent us to such a place after the dry hot summer was over. However, across the main track was the tiny railroad park, filled with chrysanthemums in full bloom, and a few blocks away were stores where we gloried in the luxury of shopping every day for fresh meat and vegetables. One of these stores carried almost every line: groceries, dry goods, hardware, furniture, and the post-office to boot. The one next door combined the meat market, dry goods and groceries, public library, telephone exchange, and insurance office, besides several other side lines added while we were there. Here we ordered our meat, which with fresh vegetables was brought in from a neighboring town by truck, but we were obliged to go early the next morning to claim it, or somebody else would cook our dinner.

Thus, uneventfully, a month passed at Lanada, but we were destined never to move again. William had long yearned to set up a garage of his own, and neither of us was particularly enamored of box-car life, so when we heard of a garage for sale in a near-by town, we embraced what looked like a golden opportunity.

It was nearing Christmas when we left our box car, and the winter rains were descending upon us in floods. The right-of-way was a lake; the men had gone to work for days in slickers and rain hats, and the roads out were a mass of mud, almost impossible to drive through. We put our automobile in a garage, and waded on board a train, homeward bound for the holidays. Having said farewell to my box car, I set myself to watch for the places where we had been stationed. The rain poured steadily down, and—wonder of wonders!—where I had gazed for endless weeks upon glistening stubble, the verdancy of young grain was now appearing; and old, familiar, dry roads were almost obliterated under vast expanses of water, so that, after all, those last views which I had of Marion, Josephine, and Tomlinson were both green and wet.

The reading and preliminary selection of entries for the $1,500 in prizes have been completed. More than 4,200 were submitted, 25 purchased for publication. From these 25, the winners of the prizes will be selected. The complete list of the narratives and their authors is published in "What You Think About It" in this number. "New York Lawyer" and "A Bride in a Box Car" bring the number published just past the half-way mark. Thirteen have appeared, 12 more are to come. Other experiences, not submitted in the contest, have also been published from time to time with this group. More of them are to come, including "Beer Town," by Meridel Le Sueur, "Blind Buckers," by Will James, "Old Ste. Genevieve," by Louis Dodge, "In Defense of Kansas," and others.

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DEATH-DRAG *by William Faulkner*

THE airplane appeared over town with almost the abruptness of an apparition. It was travelling fast; almost before we knew it was there it was already at the top of a loop; still over the square, in violation of both city and government ordinance. It was not a good loop either, performed viciously and slovenly and at top speed, as though the pilot were either a very nervous man or in a hurry, or (and this queerly: there is in our town an ex-army aviator. He was coming out of the post office when the airplane appeared going south; he watched the hurried and ungraceful loop and he made the comment) as though the pilot were trying to make the minimum of some specified manœuvre in order to save gasoline. The airplane came over the loop with one wing down, as though about to make an Immelmann turn. Then it did half roll, the loop three-quarters complete, and without any break in the whine of the full-throttled engine and still at top speed and with that apparition-like suddenness, it disappeared eastward toward our airport. When the first small boys reached the field, the airplane was on the ground, drawn up into a fence corner at the end of the field. It was motionless and empty. There was no one in sight at all. Resting there, empty and dead, patched and shabby and painted awkwardly with a single thin coat of dead black, it gave again that illusion of ghostliness, as though it might have flown there and made that loop and landed by itself.

Our field is still in an embryonic state. Our town is built upon hills, and the field, once a cotton field, is composed of forty acres of ridge and gully, upon which, by means of grading and filling, we managed to build an X-shaped runway into the prevailing winds. The runways are long enough in themselves, but the field, like our town, is controlled by men who were of middle age when younger men first began to fly, and so the clearance is not always good. On one side is a grove of trees which the owner will not permit to be felled; on another is the barnyard of a farm: sheds and houses, a long barn with a roof of rotting shingles, a big haycock. The airplane had come to rest in the fence corner near the barn. The small boys and a Negro or two and a white man, descended from a halted wagon in the road, were standing quietly about it when two men in helmets and lifted goggles emerged suddenly around the corner of the barn. One was tall, in a dirty coverall. The other was quite short, in breeches and putties and a soiled, brightly patterned overcoat which looked as if he had got wet in it and it had shrunk on him. He walked with a decided limp.

They had stopped at the corner of the barn. Without appearing to actually turn their heads, they seemed to take in at one glance the entire scene, quickly. The tall man spoke. "What town is this?"

One of the small boys told him the name of the town.

"Who lives here?" the tall man said.

"Who lives here?" the boy repeated.

"Who runs this field? Is it a private field?"

"Oh. It belongs to the town. They run it."

"Do they all live here? The ones that run it?"

The white man, the Negroes, the small boys, all watched the tall man.

"What I mean, is there anybody in this town that flies, that owns a ship? Any strangers here that fly?"

"Yes," the boy said. "There's a man lives here that flew in the war, the English army."

"Captain Warren was in the Royal Flying Corps," a second boy said.

"That's what I said," the first boy said.

"You said the English army," the second boy said.

The second man, the short one with the limp, spoke. He spoke to the tall man, quietly, in a dead voice, in the diction of Weber and Fields in vaudeville, making his *wh's* into *v's* and his *th's* into *d's*. "What does that mean?" he said.

"It's all right," the tall man said. He moved forward. "I think I know him." The short man fol-

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lowed, limping, terrific, crablike. The tall man had a gaunt face beneath a two days' stubble. His eyeballs looked dirty too, with a strained, glaring expression. He wore a dirty helmet of cheap, thin cloth, though it was January. His goggles were worn, but even we could tell that they were good ones. But then everybody quit looking at him to look at the short man; later, when we older people saw him, we said among ourselves that he had the most tragic face we had ever seen; an expression of outraged and convinced and indomitable despair, like that of a man carrying through choice a bomb which, at a certain hour each day, may or may not explode. He had a nose which would have been out of proportion to a man six feet tall. As shaped by his close helmet, the entire upper half of his head down to the end of his nose would have fitted a six-foot body. But below that, below a lateral line bisecting his head from the end of his nose to the back of his skull, his jaw, the rest of his face, was not two inches deep. His jaw was a long, flat line clapping-to beneath his nose like the jaw of a shark, so that the tip of his nose and the tip of his jaw almost touched. His goggles were merely flat pieces of window-glass held in felt frames. His helmet was leather. Down the back of it, from the top to the hem, was a long savage tear, held together top and bottom by strips of adhesive tape almost black with dirt and grease.

From around the corner of the barn there now appeared a third man, again with that abrupt immobility, as though he had materialized there out of thin air; though when they saw him he was already moving toward the group. He wore an overcoat above a neat civilian suit; he wore a cap. He was a little taller than the limping man, and broad, heavily built. He was handsome in a dull, quiet way; from his face, a man of infrequent speech. When he came up the spectators saw that he, like the limping man, was also a Jew. That is, they knew at once that two of the strangers were of a different race from themselves, without being able to say what the difference was. The boy who had first spoken probably revealed by his next speech what they thought the difference was. He, as well as the other boys, was watching the man who limped.

"Were you in the war?" the boy said. "In the air war?"

The limping man did not answer. Both he and the tall man were watching the gate. The spectators looked also and saw a car enter the gate and come down the edge of the field toward them. Three men got out of the car and approached. Again the limping man spoke quietly to the tall man: "Is that one?"

"No," the tall man said, without looking at the other. He watched the newcomers, looking from face to face. He spoke to the oldest of the three. "Morning," he said. "You run this field?"

"No," the newcomer said. "You want the secretary of the Fair Association. He's in town."

"Any charge to use it?"

"I don't know. I reckon they'll be glad to have you use it."

"Go on and pay them," the limping man said.

The three newcomers looked at the airplane with that blank, knowing, respectful air of groundlings. It reared on its muddy wheels, the propeller motionless, rigid, with a quality immobile and poised and dynamic. The nose was big with engine, the wings taut, the fuselage streaked with oil behind the rusting exhaust pipes. "Going to do some business here?" the oldest one said.

"Put you on a show," the tall man said.

"What kind of show?"

"Anything you want. Wing-walking; death-drag."

"What's that? Death-drag?"

"Drop a man onto the top of a car and drag him off again. Bigger the crowd, the more you'll get."

"You will get your money's worth," the limping man said.

The boys still watched him. "Were you in the war?" the first boy said.

The third stranger had not spoken up to this time. He now said: "Let's get on to town."

"Right," the tall man said. He said generally, in his flat, dead voice, the same voice which the three strangers all seemed to use, as though it were their common language: "Where can we get a taxi? Got one in town?"

"We'll take you to town," the men who had come up in the car said.

"We'll pay," the limping man said.

"Glad to do it," the driver of the car said. "I won't charge you anything. You want to go now?"

"Sure," the tall man said. The three strangers got

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into the back seat, the other three in front. Three of the boys followed them to the car.

"Lemme hang on to town, Mr. Black?" one of the boys said.

"Hang on," the driver said. The boys got onto the running boards. The car returned to town. The three in front could hear the three strangers talking in the back. They talked quietly, in low, dead voices, somehow quiet and urgent, discussing something among themselves, the tall man and the handsome one doing most of the talking. The three in front heard only one speech from the limping man: "I won't take less . . ."

"Sure," the tall man said. He leaned forward and raised his voice a little: "Where'll I find this Jones, this secretary?"

The driver told him.

"Is the newspaper or the printing shop near there? I want some handbills."

"I'll show you," the driver said. "I'll help you get fixed up."

"Fine," the tall man said. "Come out this afternoon and I'll give you a ride, if I have time."

The car stopped at the newspaper office. "You can get your handbills here," the driver said.

"Good," the tall man said. "Is Jones's office on this street?"

"I'll take you there too," the driver said.

"You see about the editor," the tall man said. "I can find Jones, I guess." They got out of the car. "I'll come back here," the tall man said. He went on down the street, swiftly, in his dirty coverall and helmet. Two other men had joined the group before the newspaper office. They all entered, the limping man leading, followed by the three boys.

"I want some handbills," the limping man said. "Like this one." He took from his pocket a folded sheet of pink paper. He opened it; the editor, the boys, the five men, leaned to see it. The lettering was black and bold:

DEMON DUNCAN

DAREDEVIL OF THE AIR

Death Defying Show Will Be Given
Under The Auspices Of.....
This P. M. at Two P. M.

Come One Come All See Demon Duncan
Defy Death In Death Drop & Drag Of Death

"I want them in one hour," the limping man said.

"What you want in this blank space?" the editor said.

"What you got in this town?"

"What we got?"

"What auspices? American Legion? Rotary Club? Chamber of Commerce?"

"We got all of them."

"I'll tell you which one in a minute, then," the limping man said. "When my partner gets back."

"You have to have a guarantee before you put on the show, do you?" the editor said.

"Why, sure. Do you think I should put on a daredevil without auspices? Do you think I should for a nickel maybe jump off the airplane?"

"Who's going to jump?" one of the later comers said; he was a taxi-driver.

The limping man looked at him. "Don't you worry about that," he said. "Your business is just to pay the money. We will do all the jumping you want, if you pay enough."

"I just asked which one of you all was the jumper."

"Do I ask you whether you pay me in silver or in greenbacks?" the limping man said. "Do I ask you?"

"No," the taxi-driver said.

"About these bills," the editor said. "You said you wanted them in an hour."

"Can't you begin on them, and leave that part out until my partner comes back?"

"Suppose he don't come before they are finished?"

"Well, that won't be my fault, will it?"

"All right," the editor said. "Just so you pay for them."

"You mean, I should pay without a auspices on the handbill?"

"I ain't in this business for fun," the editor said.

"We'll wait," the limping man said.

They waited.

"Were you a flyer in the war, Mister?" the boy said.

The limping man turned upon the boy his long, misshapen, tragic face. "The war? Why should I fly in a war?"

"I thought maybe because of your leg. Captain Warren limps, and he flew in the war. I reckon you just do it for fun."

"For fun? What for fun? Fly? Gruss Gott. I hate it. I wish the man what invented them was here; I would put him into that machine yonder

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and I would print on his back, Do not do it, one thousand times."

"Why do you do it, then?" the man who had entered with the taxi-driver said.

"Because of that Republican Coolidge. I was in business, and that Coolidge ruined business; ruined it. That's why. For fun? Gruss Gott."

They looked at the limping man. "I suppose you have a license?" the second late-comer said.

The limping man looked at him. "A license?"

"Don't you have to have a license to fly?"

"Oh; a license. For the airplane to fly; sure, I understand. Sure. We got one. You want to see it?"

"You're supposed to show it to anybody that wants to see it, aren't you?"

"Why, sure. You want to see it?"

"Where is it?"

"Where should it be? It's nailed to the airplane, where the government put it. Did you thought maybe it was nailed to me? Did you thought maybe I had a engine on me and maybe wings? It's on the airplane. Call a taxi and go to the airplane and look at it."

"I run a taxi," the driver said.

"Well, run it. Take this gentleman out to the field where he can look at the license on the airplane."

"It'll be a quarter," the driver said. But the limping man was not looking at the driver. He was leaning against the counter. They watched him take a stick of gum from his pocket and peel it. They watched him put the gum into his mouth. "I said it'll be a quarter, Mister," the driver said.

"Was you talking to me?" the limping man said.

"I thought you wanted a taxi out to the airport."

"Me? What for? What do I want to go out to the airport for? I just come from there. I ain't the one that wants to see that license. I have already seen it. I was there when the government nailed it onto the airplane."

II

Captain Warren, the ex-army flyer, was coming out of a store, where he met the tall man in the dirty coverall. Captain Warren told about it in the barber shop that night, when the airplane was gone.

"I hadn't seen him in fourteen years, not since I left England for the front in '17. 'So it was you that rolled out of that loop with two passengers and a twenty model Hisso smokepot?' I said.

"'Who else saw me?' he said. So he told me about it, standing there, looking over his shoulder every now and then. He was sick; a man stopped behind him to let a couple of ladies pass, and Jock whirled like he might have shot the man if he'd had a gun, and while we were in the café some one slammed a door at the back and I thought he would come out of his monkey suit. 'It's a little nervous trouble I've got,' he told me. 'I'm all right.' I had tried to get him to come out home with me for dinner, but he wouldn't. He said that he had to kind of jump himself and eat before he knew it, sort of. We had started down the street and we were passing the restaurant when he said: 'I'm going to eat,' and he turned and ducked in like a rabbit and sat down with his back to the wall and told Vernon to bring him the quickest thing he had. He drank three glasses of water and then Vernon brought him a milk bottle full and he drank most of that before the dinner came up from the kitchen. When he took off his helmet, I saw that his hair was pretty near white, and he is younger than I am. Or he was, up there when we were in Canada training. Then he told me what the name of his nervous trouble was. It was named Ginsfarb. The little one; the one that jumped off the ladder."

"What was the trouble?" we asked. "What were they afraid of?"

"They were afraid of inspectors," Warren said. "They had no licenses at all."

"There was one on the airplane."

"Yes. But it did not belong to that airplane. That one had been grounded by an inspector when Ginsfarb bought it. The license was for another airplane that had been wrecked, and some one had helped Ginsfarb compound another felony by selling the license to him. Jock had lost his license about two years ago when he crashed a big plane full of Fourth-of-July holidayers. Two of the engines quit, and he had to land. The airplane smashed up some and broke a gas line, but even then they would have been all right if a passenger hadn't got scared (it was about dusk) and struck a match. Jock was not so much to blame, but the passengers all burned to death, and the government is strict. So he couldn't get a license, and he couldn't make Ginsfarb even pay to take out a parachute rigger's license. So they had no license at all; if they were

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ever caught, they'd all go to the penitentiary."

"No wonder his hair was white," some one said.

"That wasn't what turned it white," Warren said. "I'll tell you about that. So they'd go to little towns like this one, fast, find out if there was anybody that might catch them, and if there wasn't, they'd put on the show and then clear out and go to another town, staying away from the cities. They'd come in and get handbills printed while Jock and the other one would try to get underwritten by some local organization. They wouldn't let Ginsfarb do this part, because he'd stick out for his price too long and they'd be afraid to risk it. So the other two would do this, get what they could, and if they could not get what Ginsfarb told them to, they'd take what they could and then try to keep Ginsfarb fooled until it was too late. Well, this time Ginsfarb kicked up. I guess they had done it too much on him.

"So I met Jock on the street. He looked bad; I offered him a drink, but he said he couldn't even smoke any more. All he could do was drink water; he said he usually drank about a gallon during the night, getting up for it.

" 'You look like you might have to jump yourself to sleep, too,' I said.

" 'No, I sleep fine. The trouble is, the nights aren't long enough. I'd like to live at the North Pole from September to April, and at the South Pole from April to September. That would just suit me.'

" 'You aren't going to last long enough to get there,' I said.

" 'I guess so. It's a good engine. I see to that.'

" 'I mean, you'll be in jail.'

"Then he said: 'Do you think so? Do you guess I could?'

"We went on to the café. He told me about the racket, and showed me one of those Demon Duncan handbills. 'Demon Duncan?' I said.

" 'Why not? Who would pay to see a man named Ginsfarb jump from a ship?'

" 'I'd pay to see that before I'd pay to see a man named Duncan do it,' I said.

"He hadn't thought of that. Then he began to drink water, and he told me that Ginsfarb had wanted a hundred dollars for the stunt, but that he and the other fellow only got sixty.

" 'What are you going to do about it?' I said.

" 'Try to keep him fooled and get this thing over and get to hell away from here,' he said.

" 'Which one is Ginsfarb?' I said. 'The little one that looks like a shark?'

"Then he began to drink water. He emptied my glass too at one shot and tapped it on the table. Vernon brought him another glass. 'You must be thirsty,' Vernon said.

" 'Have you got a pitcher of it?' Jock said.

" 'I could fill you a milk bottle.'

" 'Let's have it,' Jock said. 'And give me another glass while I'm waiting.' Then he told me about Ginsfarb, why his hair had turned gray.

" 'How long have you been doing this?' I said.

" 'Ever since the 26th of August.'

" 'This is just January,' I said.

" 'What about it?'

" 'The 26th of August is not six months past.'

"He looked at me. Vernon brought the bottle of water. Jock poured a glass and drank it. He began to shake, sitting there, shaking and sweating, trying to fill the glass again. Then he told me about it, talking fast, filling the glass and drinking.

"Jake (the other one's name is Jake something; the good-looking one) drives the car, the rented car. Ginsfarb swaps onto the car from the ladder. Jock said he would have to fly the ship into position over a Ford or a Chevrolet running on three cylinders, trying to keep Ginsfarb from jumping from twenty or thirty feet away in order to save gasoline in the ship and in the rented car. Ginsfarb goes out on the bottom wing with his ladder, fastens the ladder onto a strut, hooks himself into the other end of the ladder, and drops off; everybody on the ground thinks that he has done what they all came to see: fallen off and killed himself. That's what he calls his death-drop. Then he swaps from the ladder onto the top of the car, and the ship comes back and he catches the ladder and is dragged off again. That's his death-drag.

"Well, up till the day when Jock's hair began to turn white, Ginsfarb, as a matter of economy, would do it all at once; he would get into position above the car and drop off on his ladder and then make contact with the car, and sometimes Jock said the ship would not be in the air three minutes. Well, on this day the rented car was a bum or something; anyway, Jock had to circle the field four or five times while the car was getting into position, and Ginsfarb, seeing his money being blown out the exhaust pipes, finally refused to wait for Jock's signal and dropped off anyway. It was all right, only the distance between the ship

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and the car was not as long as the rope ladder. So Ginsfarb hit on the car and Jock had just enough soup to zoom and drag Ginsfarb, still on the ladder, over a high-power electric line, and he held the ship in that climb for twenty minutes while Ginsfarb climbed back up the ladder with his leg broken. He held the ship in a climb with his knees, with the throttle wide open and the engine revving about eleven hundred, while he reached back and opened that cupboard behind the cockpit and dragged out a suitcase and propped the stick so he could get out on the wing and drag Ginsfarb back into the ship. He got Ginsfarb in the ship and on the ground again and Ginsfarb says: 'How far did we go?' and Jock told him they had flown with full throttle for thirty minutes and Ginsfarb says: 'Will you ruin me yet?' "

III

The rest of this is composite. It is what we (groundlings, dwellers in and backbone of a small town interchangeable with and duplicate of ten thousand little dead clottings of human life about the land) saw, refined and clarified by the expert, the man who had himself seen his own lonely and scudding shadow upon the face of the puny and remote earth.

The three strangers arrived at the field, in the rented car. When they got out of the car, they were arguing in tense, dead voices, the pilot and the handsome man against the man who limped. Captain Warren said they were arguing about the money.

"I want to see it," Ginsfarb said. They stood close; the handsome man took something from his pocket.

"There. There it is. See?" he said.

"Let me count it myself," Ginsfarb said.

"Come on, come on," the pilot hissed, in his dead, tense voice. "We tell you we got the money! Do you want an inspector to walk in and take the money and the ship too and put us in jail? Look at all these people waiting."

"You fooled me before," Ginsfarb said.

"All right," the pilot said. "Give it to him. Give him his ship too. And he can pay for the car when he gets back to town. We can get a ride in; there's a train out of here in fifteen minutes."

"You fooled me once before," Ginsfarb said.

"But we're not fooling you now. Come on. Look at all these people."

They moved toward the airplane, Ginsfarb limping terrifically, his back stubborn, his face tragic, outraged, cold. There was a good crowd: country people in overalls; the men a general dark clump against which the bright dresses of the women, the young girls, showed. The small boys and several men were already surrounding the airplane. We watched the limping man begin to take objects from the body of it: a parachute, a rope ladder. The handsome man went to the propeller. The pilot got into the back seat.

"Off!" he said, sudden and sharp. "Stand back, folks. We're going to wring the old bird's neck."

They tried three times to crank the engine.

"I got a mule, Mister," a countryman said. "How much'll you pay for a tow?"

The three strangers did not laugh. The limping man was busy attaching the rope ladder to one wing.

"You can't tell me," a countrywoman said. "Even he ain't that big a fool."

The engine started then. It seemed to lift bodily from the ground a small boy who stood behind it and blow him aside like a leaf. We watched it turn and trundle down the field.

"You can't tell me that thing's flying," the countrywoman said. "I reckon the Lord give me eyes. I can see it ain't flying. You folks have been fooled."

"Wait," another voice said. "He's got to turn into the wind."

"Ain't there as much wind right there or right here as there is down yonder?" the woman said. But it did fly. It turned back toward us; the noise became deafening. When it came broadside on to us, it did not seem to be going fast, yet we could see daylight beneath the wheels and the earth. But it was not going fast; it appeared rather to hang gently just above the earth until we saw that, beyond and beneath it, trees and earth in panorama were fleeing backward at dizzy speed, and then it tilted and shot skyward with a noise like a circular saw going into a white oak log. "There ain't nobody in it!" the countrywoman said. "You can't tell me!"

The third man, the handsome one in the cap, had got into the rented car. We all knew it: a battered thing which the owner would rent to any one who would make a deposit of ten dollars. He drove to the end of the field, faced down the runway, and stopped. We looked back at the airplane.

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It was high, coming back toward us; some one cried suddenly, his voice puny and thin: "There! Out on the wing! See?"

"It ain't!" the countrywoman said. "I don't believe it!"

"You saw them get in it," some one said.

"I don't believe it!" the woman said.

Then we sighed; we said, "Aaahhhhhhh"; beneath the wing of the airplane there was a falling dot. We knew it was a man. Some way we knew that that lonely, puny, falling shape was that of a living man like ourselves. It fell. It seemed to fall for years, yet when it checked suddenly up without visible rope or cord, it was less far from the airplane than was the end of the delicate pen-slash of the profiled wing.

"It ain't a man!" the woman shrieked.

"You know better," the man said. "You saw him get in it."

"I don't care!" the woman cried. "It ain't a man! You take me right home this minute!"

The rest is hard to tell. Not because we saw so little; we saw everything that happened, but because we had so little in experience to postulate it with. We saw that battered rented car moving down the field, going faster, jouncing in the broken January mud, then the sound of the airplane blotted it, reduced it to immobility; we saw the dangling ladder and the shark-faced man swinging on it beneath the death-colored airplane. The end of the ladder raked right across the top of the car, from end to end, with the limping man on the ladder and the capped head of the handsome man leaning out of the car. And the end of the field was coming nearer, and the airplane was travelling faster than the car, passing it. And nothing happened. "Listen!" some one cried. "They are talking to one another!"

Captain Warren told us what they were talking about, the two Jews yelling back and forth at one another: the shark-faced man on the dangling ladder that looked like a cobweb, the other one in the car; the fence, the end of the field, coming closer.

"Come on!" the man in the car shouted.

"What did they pay?"

"Jump!"

"If they didn't pay that hundred, I won't do it."

Then the airplane zoomed, roaring, the dangling figure on the gossamer ladder swinging beneath it. It circled the field twice while the man got the car into position again. Again the car started down the field; again the airplane came down with its wild, circular-saw drone which died into a splutter as the ladder and the clinging man swung up to the car from behind; again we heard the two puny voices shrieking at one another with a quality at once ludicrous and horrible: the one coming out of the very air itself, shrieking about something sweated out of the earth and without value anywhere else:

"How much did you say?"

"Jump!"

"Wot? How much did they pay?"

"Nothing! Jump!"

"Nothing?" the man on the ladder wailed in a fading, outraged shriek. "Nothing?" Again the airplane was dragging the ladder irrevocably past the car, approaching the end of the field, the fences, the long barn with its rotting roof. Suddenly we saw Captain Warren beside us; he was using words we had never heard him use.

"He's got the stick between his knees," Captain Warren said. "Exalted suzerain of mankind; saccharine and sacred symbol of eternal rest." We had forgot about the pilot, the man still in the airplane. We saw the airplane, tilted upward, the pilot standing upright in the back seat, leaning over the side and shaking both hands at the man on the ladder. We could hear him yelling now as again the man on the ladder was dragged over the car and past it, shrieking:

"I won't do it! I won't do it!" He was still shrieking when the airplane zoomed; we saw him, a diminishing and shrieking spot against the sky above the long roof of the barn: "I won't do it! I won't do it!" Before, when the speck left the airplane, falling, to be snubbed up by the ladder, we knew that it was a living man; again, when the speck left the ladder, falling, we knew that it was a living man, and we knew that there was no ladder to snub him up now. We saw him falling against the cold, empty January sky until the silhouette of the barn absorbed him; even from here, his attitude froglike, outraged, implacable. From somewhere in the crowd a woman screamed, though the sound was blotted out by the sound of the airplane. It reared skyward with its wild, tearing noise, the empty ladder swept backward be-

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neath it. The sound of the engine was like a groan, a groan of relief and despair.

IV

Captain Warren told us in the barber shop on that Saturday night.

"Did he really jump off, onto that barn?" we asked him.

"Yes. He jumped. He wasn't thinking about being killed, or even hurt. That's why he wasn't hurt. He was too mad, too in a hurry to receive justice. He couldn't wait to fly back down. Providence knew that he was too busy and that he deserved justice, so Providence put that barn there with the rotting roof. He wasn't even thinking about hitting the barn; if he'd tried to, let go of his belief in a cosmic balance to bother about landing, he would have missed the barn and killed himself."

It didn't hurt him at all, save for a long scratch on his face that bled a lot, and his overcoat was torn completely down the back, as though the tear down the back of the helmet had run on down the overcoat. He came out of the barn running before we got to it. He hobbled right among us, with his bloody face, his arms waving, his coat dangling from either shoulder.

"Where is that secretary?" he said.

"What secretary?"

"That American Legion secretary." He went on, limping fast, toward where a crowd stood about three women who had fainted. "You said you would pay a hundred dollars to see me swap to that car. We pay rent on the car and all, and now you would——"

"You got sixty dollars," some one said.

The man looked at him. "Sixty? I said one hundred. When you would let me believe it was one hundred and it was just sixty; you would see me risk my life for sixty dollars. . . ." The airplane was down; none of us were aware of it until the pilot sprang suddenly upon the man who limped. He jerked the man around and knocked him down before we could grasp the pilot. We held the pilot, struggling, crying, the tears streaking his dirty, unshaven face. Captain Warren was suddenly there, holding the pilot.

"Stop it!" he said. "Stop it!"

The pilot ceased. He stared at Captain Warren, then he slumped and sat on the ground in his thin, dirty garment, with his unshaven face, dirty, gaunt, with his sick eyes, crying. "Go away," Captain Warren said. "Let him alone for a minute."

We went away, back to the other man, the one who limped. They had lifted him and he drew the two halves of his overcoat forward and looked at them. Then he said: "I want some chewing gum."

Some one gave him a stick. Another offered him a cigarette. "Thanks," he said. "I don't burn up no money. I ain't got enough of it yet." He put the gum into his mouth. "You would take advantage of me. If you thought I would risk my life for sixty dollars, you fool yourself."

"Give him the rest of it," some one said. "Here's my share."

The limping man did not look round. "Make it up to a hundred, and I will swap to the car like on the handbill," he said.

Somewhere a woman screamed behind him. She began to laugh and to cry at the same time. "Don't . . ." she said, laughing and crying at the same time. "Don't let . . ." until they led her away. Still the limping man had not moved. He wiped his face on his cuff and he was looking at his bloody sleeve when Captain Warren came up.

"How much is he short?" Warren said. They told Warren. He took out some money and gave it to the limping man.

"You want I should swap to the car?" he said.

"No," Warren said. "You get that crate out of here quick as you can."

"Well, that's your business," the limping man said. "I got witnesses I offered to swap." He moved; we made way and watched him, in his severed and dangling overcoat, approach the airplane. It was on the runway, the engine running. The third man was already in the front seat. We watched the limping man crawl terrifically in beside him. They sat there, looking forward.

The pilot began to get up. Warren was standing beside him. "Ground it," Warren said. "You are coming home with me."

"I guess we'd better get on," the pilot said. He did not look at Warren. Then he put out his hand. "Well . . ." he said.

Warren did not take his hand. "You come on home with me," he said.

"Who'd take care of that blank?"

"Who wants to?"

"I'll get him right, some day. Where I can beat hell out of him."

"Jock," Warren said.

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"No," the other said.

"Have you got an overcoat?"

"Sure I have."

"You're a liar." Warren began to pull off his overcoat.

"No," the other said; "I don't need it." He went on toward the machine. "See you some time," he said over his shoulder. We watched him get in, heard the airplane come to life, come alive. It passed us, already off the ground. The pilot jerked his hand once, stiffly; the two heads in the front seat did not turn nor move. Then it was gone, the sound was gone.

Warren turned. "What about that car they rented?" he said.

"He give me a quarter to take it back to town," a boy said.

"Can you drive it?"

"Yes, sir. I drove it out here. I showed him where to rent it."

"The one that jumped?"

"Yes, sir." The boy looked a little aside. "Only I'm a little scared to take it back. I don't reckon you could come with me."

"Why scared?" Warren said.

"That fellow never paid nothing down on it, like Mr. Harris wanted. He told Mr. Harris he might not use it, but if he did use it in his show, he would pay Mr. Harris twenty dollars for it instead of ten like Mr. Harris wanted. He told me to take it back and tell Mr. Harris he never used the car. And I don't know if Mr. Harris will like it. He might get mad."

POEM FOR MY DAUGHTER

By Horace Gregory

Live beyond hope
beyond October trees
spent with fire, these
ministers of false Spring
making our bodies stir
with spurious flowering
under snow that covers
hope and hopeful lovers
and fades in timeless seas.

Live beyond hope, my care
that makes a prison for your eyes and hair
golden as autumn grass
struck by the morning sun,
for you shall walk with praise
when all my ways are run.

Take all my love but spend
such love to build your mind
'gainst hope that leaves behind
my winter night and snow
falling at the year's end.

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STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in American life to-day

BUD ON NANTUCKET ISLAND

by Thomas Beer

"In America one does not overhear the private conversation of strangers. One simply hears it."—W. L. GEORGE.

(*Sam is a pleasant man of forty, recently sunburnt and comfortably dressed in old clothes. He stands in full morning light, caressing a band of chromium on his car, in front of a filling station. The Atlantic Ocean is visible, between two shingled cottages. Beyond a tall wire fence and a hedge some admirable tennis is going on. But Sam is not interested. His new car absorbs him, and you know at once that he is definitely proud of having a car with a catalogue price of $4,750. He has just wiped dust from his Middle Western license plate and has just told the owner of the filling station what his time was from Buffalo to Boston. To him enters Gracie, his wife, clearly coming from one of the village's two hotels. She is not pretty, but she probably thinks of herself as "peppy," and last week in New York her new clothes cost Sam some money. A white coat is so folded over one arm as to show the familiar label of a famous shop on Fifth Avenue. She carries a whalebone cane bought yesterday in Nantucket, and, of course, wears a Basque cap. As she approaches she walks sharply between a dark and handsome young poet and Mr. Channing Pollock. Both men glance at her but continue their conversation.*)

SAM: Where's Bud?

GRACIE: He's not coming, Sam.

SAM: Why not? He was crazy about comin' sailin'.

GRACIE: Well, he's not coming.

SAM: But why not?

GRACIE: I told him he couldn't. (*She climbs into the car.*) He had to get fresh. I told him, All right, then you can just stay right here. I don't know what I'm going to do with that kid! (*She looks at the poet and then almost whispers.*) That's Stuart Chase.

SAM: Who?

GRACIE: The fella that writes about Mexico. (*The poet either hears this wild statement or is attracted by Gracie's stare. He looks at her.*) Look at him looking at me! Wouldn't you know he was one of these radicals?

SAM: What radicals?

GRACIE (*staring at the person who is not Mr. Stuart Chase*): Oh, the whole place is chockfull of these radicals. Writers and soc'lists and things. I'm kind of sorry we came here. I bet Watch Hill'd of been nicer. Edna says Watch Hill's dandy. Lots of prominent people go there. I was talking to a woman on the porch this morning. She says there isn't practically any prominent people here at all. Practically no money on the whole island.

SAM: Well, we wouldn't meet 'em if there was any prominent people, Gracie.

GRACIE: Why, Sam!

SAM (*as if he knew that tone*): Oh, well! What about Bud?

GRACIE: He got fresh.

SAM (*frowning, but patient*): How d'you mean fresh?

GRACIE: Well, he did. It's those boys.

SAM: What boys?

GRACIE: He was talking to them on the beach yesterday. He knows where one of them lives and wanted to go see if he could get in some tennis with him. I said to him, Now, Bud, you're only fifteen years old. You got to remember your father's the biggest man in the Legion, out home, and's got one of the biggest businesses in X——. You can't run around with every Tom, Dick and Harry in a place like this. I said, You don't know what kind of families those boys come from. I——

SAM (*not so patient*): Aw! He's in same class, in high school, with three Jew kids and a nigger and

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that Blank boy that's as good as a bastard, ain't he?

GRACIE: Why, Sam!

SAM: Oh, all right! But——

GRACIE: Look at that! (*A battered Ford coupé passes, driven by a notable Bostonian doctor and containing a daughter of the Vice-President of the United States. Sam chuckles, but Gracie directs an oddly ugly scowl after the old car.*) I should think a person'd be 'shamed to be seen *dead* in a thing like that!

SAM: Aw! Lots of people wouldn't bring their *good* car to a place like this. I wouldn't take *this* car up to the lake, fishin'. Let's go get Bud.

GRACIE: No. He was fresh.

SAM: Aw, mamma!

GRACIE: No. (*The syllable is hard and shrill. She is now staring at three lads down the lane.*) There's those boys, now! If you think they look all right!

(*It cannot be said that Nat, Bob and Pete are tidy, although Pete has on a clean shirt. But Gracie's dread of compromising Sam's position in the Legion is groundless. Pete is the son of a major and the grandson of a distinguished general. Bob's father served with credit in the campaign of 1898. Nat can at least claim a parent whose name is seen on covers of conservative magazines. The boys pass into the tennis courts.*)

SAM: Aw, they look all right, mamma.

GRACIE (*using her lipstick*): You say so! You've always got to be on Bud's side. If there was any prominent people here, I'd want Bud to meet their kids—of course.

SAM (*suddenly flushed under his sunburn*): I bet you would! (*He gets into the car.*) All right. I'm goin' for Bud!

GRACIE (*although twenty people can hear her*): Sam T——. I told that kid he could stay home and he's goin' to stay home!

SAM: *You* say so. I didn't say so. (*He drives off. An hour later his empty car is parked on a wharf in Nantucket. We may hope that Bud was taken sailing, in spite of his freshness, because the bay is brilliant under a fine wind and the sunshine sweeps among light clouds on the green-and-white slope of the town.*)

II

(*Another but older Midlander leans on a rail and smiles at the water. He has been exchanging small talk with a tall gentleman in gray flannels, not knowing that this stranger is a Jesuit priest. He breaks a remark to ask:* Got any boys?)

THE JESUIT: No.

THE MIDLANDER: No? That's Bud, there. He's my oldest kid.

(*This Bud is one of a group in a small catboat putting out from the wharf. He lifts a brown arm toward his father, and the Midlander waves to him. As the catboat recedes, the priest speaks.*)

THE JESUIT: Big boy. Eighteen or nineteen?

THE MIDLANDER: Hell, no! Sixteen in May. But he is a big kid. His mamma's folks are all big. I'm the runt of my fam'ly. Only five foot ten. Bud's near six feet already. Kinda grew out of his stren'th, last winter. We was some worried about him. But he begun puttin' on weight this spring. (*Pauses.*) He's one Goddam fine kid. Best we've got.

THE JESUIT (*smiling*): One doesn't hear that said, these days, so very often.

THE MIDLANDER: I don't just get you.

THE JESUIT: The young generation isn't always so satisfact——

THE MIDLANDER: Oh! Well, yes. Been some trouble out home. Kids gettin' stewed and breakin' up cars. That kinda thing. Bud's fine. Lemme tell you. I had to be out in L. A. in June. My sister was sick out there and her husband's dead. So I was out there three weeks. I come home and Bud's mamma was all up in the air. High school was over, y'see? She says, He ain't asked for one cent sincet school stopped. He was out all day and got his own breakfast. Our girl don't come until eight o'clock. He was gettin' in for lunch and supper late, and then he'd go to bed right after supper. Acted dog tired at night.

THE JESUIT: He'd gone to work?

THE MIDLANDER: You said it. But his mamma didn't catch on. She says, I just know some nasty woman down town's got hold of him. We got a pretty tough red-light district. Five factories in town. It's hell poppin' down there the night the men get paid. Prohibition's just a joke out our way. Well, this thing about women being more observin' than men kinda makes me laugh. If she'd ever looked at Bud's hands! Well, I says, I'll handle this, mamma. She took Sister and the kid—he's ten—out to Col'rado pretty soon. It begun gettin' hot.

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Hell! Bud'd come in so wilted up, nights, it was a shame. One day Ed Schwartzmann 'phoned me at the store. He says, It might be all right with you Bud cleanin' cars for me, and I'm glad to have him. But, he says, it's goddam hot down here for a kid. I'd think you'd get him a job somewhere cooler. I says, You tell him to come here and see me. Bud come and I says, Now, son, what's this you're doin'? He says, Well, but you was sayin' the store ain't doin' so good. I don't want to be a burden. I says, Son, when you're a burden, I'll mention it to you. I says, You go home and get *our* car cleaned up. We're startin' East on Monday to look 'em over. (*Pauses.*) My partner says, You're crazy. He says, When you got a boy that will work for his keep, why in Christ's name don't you let him? I says to him, That's how my stinkin' old Dutch father back in Pennsylvania raised me. I says, I'd be so tired nights from shovellin' coal at the gas plant I couldn't get my lessons and was way down at the foot of the class and never got any good of what edjcatin I had. (*Pause.*) Well, we're havin' a swell time. He's enjoyin' every minute of it. You're only young once. He's picked up with some awful nice kids from Boston. They give him a grand time. You're only young once, h'm?

THE JESUIT (*staring at the water*): Yes.

III

(*On Main Street the sunshine seems green through the elms. There is a pretty confusion of cars, station wagons, people shopping and people idling. The cobbled roadway, the red brick shops, the darting aproned clerks and the parade of young people hunting each other may be seen comfortably from stools at the soda counter of an old drug-store facing the mouth of Orange Street. But the next Bud is not impressed. He sits spinning Nature and Reason between his palms, his long legs thrust out inconveniently. He is handsome, knows it and has costumed himself carefully. His white silk shirt is open to the belly. He wears sand shoes, an English cricket belt and, of course, a Basque cap. And yet people entering the shop look more often at Henry than at Bud. A scar, a wave of white hair across his head and an ironic smile may be combined with the Legion button in his coat to explain him. As their densely Southern voices lift, Henry's is the better voice.*)

HENRY: No.

BUD: Oh, why not?

HENRY: Bud, you don't seem to know yet there's a panic goin' on.

BUD: But I can live in Paris 'bout twice as cheap as——

HENRY: You could, but you haven't yet, Bud. You can do your writin' down home just as well as in Paris.

(*Bud breaks in with a short oration. But you have heard it all before.*)

HENRY: I know, Bud. But you've been two years in Paris.

BUD (*going right on*): 'Nother thing is, you can't get printed up North 'less you've got friends in the publishin' bunch. They're a lot of damn Yanks or they're lowdown Jews. A man from the South——

HENRY: Mr. Cabell gets printed and so does Faulkner and Miss Glasgow and this Wolfe boy. Mind your feet.

(*Bud draws in his feet and lets Miss Ellen Glasgow pass.*)

BUD: But that's different. An unknown writer——

HENRY: They were unknown writers 'fore they got known.

BUD: Yes, but there's this prejudice against a man from down South.

HENRY: Where?

BUD: Up here!

HENRY: You're crazy.

(*Bud begins a second and much more interesting oration. He tells Henry that practically all editors are Jews and hate a Southerner. He instances many names and one suspects that his letters of rejection have been saved. How he knows that men named Costain, Rose, Briggs, Dashiell and Anthony are all "lowdown Jews" he does not state.*)

BUD: —and if you want to get published you have to sit 'round in New York and buy drinks for that bunch!

HENRY (*smiling*): You'll sit 'round in Paris and buy drinks for Yankees and Jew boys, if dad lets you go back.

BUD (*tacking briskly*): 'N then dad had to carry us all up heah for the summer. Look at that bunch of morons out there!

HENRY: How d'you know they're all morons?

BUD: Dead on their feet! Look at 'em! (*He destroys the population of Main Street with a flourish*

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of Nature and Reason. Miss Glasgow, Miss Patricia Collinge, a kinswoman of Robert E. Lee descending in loveliness from a station wagon at the curb, a celebrated surgeon, a Member of Parliament, Mr. Austin Strong, Mr. Morris Ernst, Mr. Wilbur Daniel Steele, Mr. Ernest Boyd and a great-grandson of President Garfield perish together. Mr. Robert Benchley, arriving a moment later by motor, perhaps may be reckoned a survivor of the ruin.)

HENRY: All right, sonny. If it's so sour here, why don't you go home? Go back and work on your book. The place'll be plenty quiet.

BUD (*furious*): Yah! Live and die in Dixie! Agrarian civilization. Dixie!

HENRY: Behave yourself!

(*But a lady has recoiled from the shock of Bud's yell. He rises and stalks out of the shop. Henry sighs, gets up slowly and follows him.*)

IV

(*The passage of two hours is indicated by bells of the Unitarian tower in white Orange Street, where the town mounts high and you see the bay down sloped gardens, over roofs and trees. It is very still in a doctor's anteroom, and voices come easily through screens. The Gurls approach, examining houses, and laughing. They are trippers, brought to the island by the noon steamboat.*)

No. 1: —and I said, Well, madam, this is our section and I'll hafta trouble you to take your suitcase out of it. She— Look at that garden, gurls! Isn't that a *scream?*

No. 2: Kinda pretty, though.

No. 1: But 'magine having a garden run all down a hill! (*She laughs. This bray may be wholly defensive and involuntary.*) Isn't that a scream, though? Say, who's got the camera, gurls?

No. 3: Bud had it when we were at that Thimium place.

No. 2: Atheneum.

No. 3: Isn't that a *scream?* It was just a public libry. Yoohoo! Bud!

BUD (*remote*): I'm coming.

No. 1: He's the slowest kid in the state of Iowa. Slower'n his father.—Say, Bud, come along! Suze wants to snap this garden.

BUD'S FATHER (*wearily*): No more film, gurls.

No. 1: Well! Say, Bud, what was it you called that Atheneum place?

BUD: Classical.

No. 1: Why?

BUD (*savage*): Can't you see it was built like a Greek temple?

No. 1: Oh!— Look at that garden. Isn't it a *scream?*

BUD: No.

No. 3: Come on. (*They can be seen. The Gurls are all forty years old at least. No. 1 is probably Bud's mother, but they are the same woman. No. 3 flips a guidebook.*) The oldest house. Gee! Gurls, they got somethin' older than this bunch of stuff! . . . Historical association. Whalin' collections. Well, we saw the whalin' things at New Bedford. Say, I wonder what folks do here in winter?

BUD: Live, probably.

No. 1: Bud, you quit being sarcastic!

No. 3: Remind me to go back and look at that hooked rug in that store again. But there can't be any business here in winter. Oh, this here must be the tower you see from the boat—with gold on top of it.

No. 2: *Isn't* that a *scream?*

(*They move on. Bud and his father come in sight. Bud is a lank, tall schoolboy, angry at everything, lugging a camera, a luncheon basket now filled with cheap souvenirs from the gift shops and two female coats. On the trip East from Iowa he has found out that his clothes are badly made, and he scowls at two boys who laugh, riding past him on smart horses, although they are not looking at him. His father was just like Bud thirty years ago. But now he will do anything for peace and quiet.*)

No. 1: Bud, I'm ashamed of you. You've done just everything you can to spoil this trip, bein' sarcastic to the gurls.

BUD: All right.

No. 1: It is not all right!

BUD: All right.

(*She stares at him. Perhaps Bud will not be at all like his father thirty years from now.*)

No. 1: Well——

No. 3 (*screaming, ten yards away*): Say, come on! We're going to climb the tower!

No. 1: Well— (*She goes out. They will climb the tower. They will yell, "Isn't that a scream?" to names cut in the walls and to the old bells. They will look out from under the golden cupola at the green bay and blue moors and ocean. A wind will*

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bring to them wild rose and the smell of heated sweet fern and baking shrubs. But they will bury feeling—if there is feeling—in this noise of their self-sufficiency. They cannot be still in the midst of novel beauty. They must make a noise.)

BUD'S FATHER: Goin' up, Bud?

BUD: No.

(*They are silent. The tired man sits down on the curb and lights a cheap cigar.*)

BUD'S FATHER: Some nice flowers in that yard, Bud.

BUD: Yeh. (*More silence.*) Say, Father!

BUD'S FATHER: Yes, Bud.

BUD: Say, what do people have to be—be so *God damn* common for?

BUD'S FATHER: Aw . . . Now, Bud! (*But then he says gently*) You're all tired out, Bud. Just keep still. . . .

LIVING ALONE

by *Dr. Frank Payne and Florence Brobeck*

A FEW years ago we dismissed the people who live alone as old maids or bachelors, and without much further fuss let it go at that. To-day their numbers have increased so that statistics from city bureaus, employment agencies, census reports, and other sources reveal that over five million women between the ages of twenty-four and fifty live alone. There is an even greater number of men.

Jane, who lives in the walk-up one-room-and-bath; George, who has a ship-shape kitchenette apartment; Anne, who revels in a penthouse and terrace; Byron, who lives at his university club; and Joyce, the school teacher who lives in a mountain village, help create this group and make it a disturbing social problem. Their numbers are so great in the cities that they have revolutionized real-estate values and architectural projects, causing old family apartments to come down and towering structures of one-room homes to replace them. The cell-like buildings house men and women in the white-collar professions, teachers, lawyers, doctors, illustrators, social workers. They are the dwellers in a post-War world in which society has made them accept responsibility, forced them into the economic struggle, and left them to shift for themselves.

Let us look at these social orphans. What are some of the reasons for their aloneness?

Aunt Ella was a bride at seventeen; Ella, her niece, is a successful art director in a small advertising agency. Ella didn't marry when she was seventeen because the young men she knew were still in college. They were supported there by their parents or relatives. Wage-earning must begin after their graduation and, with the changed standards of living which now prevail, a man just out of college can't earn enough to get married. Ella herself went to school, then college, and then on to a job because there "just didn't seem to be any point of sitting around with the girls every afternoon, and besides the family needed the money." By the time her young men were ready for marriage she was established in business and didn't care to give it up. She now has an apartment in New York and marriage no longer seems a feasible thing.

Young men are not as keen for marriage as their fathers were. Sam returned from France with definite ideas about the evils of marriage. He recalled the spectacle of his mother, a strong woman absorbing and dominating a good-tempered, easy-going man. In his cousin's home he saw a lovely girl who set out to snare a man. After getting him she immediately slumped into mental and physical softness. He had observed for years the tyranny of in-laws and the economic slavery of marriage. So after finishing a post-War year at college he left for New York. "Jobs are better and I'll be free."

He found, like thousands of others, that a single man did not need marriage to enjoy a full life. Athletic clubs, social engagements, and the freedom and slack morals of many women who live alone gave him a full life with no obligations, no strings attached. He has followed this pattern of existence for twelve years, only to find a growing discontent and loneliness. But his antipathy toward marriage has now become a fixation. He does not look toward marriage as a possible solution of his loneliness. Approaching forty, he is slightly morbid; gin

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parties and bridge evenings seem dull. He is bored and boring. He has prolonged spells of brooding. Theatres, books, and going to prize fights all leave him with an empty dissatisfaction. He sees no solution for the mental and physical complexities of his one-sided existence. That makes him one of the problem lone men of the present day. His number is legion.

Tom was less fortunate than Sam in some respects. He also had the urge to strike out for himself and the ability to succeed in his profession, but he did not have Sam's ability to make friends. He didn't know how to surround himself with the comforts of a small apartment, the pleasures of friendships. He had a quirk in his personality which aided in isolating him, the handicap of shyness which urged him into a backwater of life, where he had few social contacts and no opportunities to learn social behavior. He lived alone for five years and made no close friends. Eventually he lost his old antipathy toward marriage. Now he wants it. But how to achieve that state?

Who is there to be concerned over Sam's lonely bachelor years or Tom's desires and handicaps? Family and community life are non-existent in their environments. Sam may not be miserably unhappy, but he is admittedly lonely and becoming an introvert with morose and melancholy moods which are serious threats to mental and physical health. He is one of those fifty-thousand lonely men and women who sought help last year from psychologists. A diagnosis of his case and others revealed that the Sams and Toms, the Ellas, Marys, Jeans, and Ruths are hungry for a fuller social life, for a richer existence in human relationships, for the spiritual attunement which comes from love and understanding. Of these thousands many wanted vocational advice, many needed medical attention, many frankly stated they wanted to marry because they were lonely. Lack of a sex life and the practice of homosexuality or heterosexuality had left them emotionally unstable. They were lonesome with a longing that is age old, the human longing for completion, for a fireside companion.

If there could be cataclysmic social and economic upheavals which could create drastic revisions of the marriage laws, revisions of the attitude of society, state, and church on human behavior in general, there would be a wide-spread cure almost at once for these perplexities of the lone individuals.

But for the present, various social agencies and the psychologists are recipients of these tales of woe and must endeavor to give help. It is from consultations in the psychologists' clinics that many of the true conditions are revealed and corrected. The immediate and applicable solution is to get at the basic cause of the lone individual's aloneness. There is, the psychologists' records show, a reason behind his aloneness, either mental, emotional, physical, economical. Perhaps the first diagnosis will reveal physical and emotional peculiarities existent from childhood; complexes and fixations which must be exposed, discussed, explained, and therewith routed. The individual tells his life history to the psychologist and in doing so he may reveal the causes for his present lack of normal emotional outlets and a consequent piling up of mental unrest, strife, conflict. Various means of escaping emotional conflicts are recommended to him as part of the cure. The influence of environment on personality (which includes comprehension, judgment, ability to learn, certain emotional and physical traits, attitudes on conventionality and ethical ideals) must be obvious to all. The fact of living alone for a number of years is recognized by the psychologist as an environmental influence which brings about changes in some personalities and creates handicaps to social and business progress.

These are pondered in a confidential clinic where individuals suffering from any of the hundred kinds of aloneness, talk it out, have their ills diagnosed and look at them in relation to the rest of the world's problems. To be of practical aid this sort of clinic must embody the virtues of a beauty parlor, physical training camp, style consultant laboratory, vocational guide, health resort, spa, and matrimonial bureau. The physician in charge concentrates all the resources of modern scientific and social life on the problems of his patient. These same resources must be considered and tapped by the individual who for any reason cannot consult a specialist when seeking a way out of his lone existence.

With many men and women, and especially those in large cities where environment supplies many opportunities for intellectual growth, social contact, and marriage, the psychologist will find that the fault with the individual may be something

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as simple as poor taste in clothes, or ignorance of personal hygienic rules. Rid of such defects, the patient finds himself armed with new charm. The effect on his health, spirit, and personality may be revolutionary.

Such a simple and obvious thing as talking too much and too loudly has kept many a woman from popularity. The psychologist must deal gently with the form of conceit which makes some women believe that every man they meet is swooning with passion for them. This hallucination has wrecked many friendships which might have led into love and the passion the sex-obsessed ladies so ardently desired. Or it gives the men they meet carte blanche for love-making. Any woman living alone in a large city, no matter how circumspect her demeanor, is placed sooner or later in the position of rejecting or accepting men's offers for promiscuous love-making. Sex will not always be denied and freedom from family supervision and guidance frequently upsets the most rigid standards. These casual fly-by-night affairs cannot possibly be construed as love, nor are they a satisfactory solution to love-hungry men and women, for they are rarely of long duration and they seldom lead to marriage. But the ease with which they are instigated and the emotional and physical complications resulting are among the problems the psychologist must help solve for those living alone.

Grace R., a school teacher in a large middle-western city, wrote to a psychologist: "I love teaching, but I've been doing it for ten years. Twenty more of it isn't exactly an exhilarating prospect. I live alone, my only friends are teachers. I'm not pretty enough to attract men. But I want dreadfully to have marriage and a chance at that sort of living." She was advised to take a large part of her carefully hoarded savings and invest it in herself. To leave that environment, take a European trip, not with other teachers, but alone. She followed the advice, with happy results, which not only included a new outlook on life but a suitor.

Another teacher, who could not afford to take a trip because her vacation time was devoted to a sick father, was urged to begin the study of play producing. She did this under protest, but finally her interest grew and she was able to start an amateur play group in the school. In two years it was so good that she entered the group in the State competition and later in the national competition in New York. From that she was offered a job in a large city at twice her former salary and with opportunities for new contacts and further advancement.

Frances C., a librarian in one of New York's large libraries, had lived "in loneliness so long that I am anti-social. When I am invited to dinner with friends, I only mope afterward and think how much more fortunate they are than I. If I meet a man at these dinners I don't know how to treat him." Part of the psychologist's advice was to change her style of dressing, her hair-cut, her habits of living. She was advised to entertain in her own small apartment, to take up some light pastimes such as dancing and going to moving pictures. She had been so steeped in the dignity of the library atmosphere that she had been unable to unbend after hours.

The opportunities in the cities for self-improvement and meeting people are many if the victims of loneliness will study them out and apply themselves to their own problems. The psychologist points out that the men and women one meets at church gatherings, concerts, art exhibitions, free lectures on books, open-house lectures at Y. M. C. A.'s, at women's clubs, are as well recommended and introduced as the men and women to whom we talk without introduction on shipboard. The ridiculous, out-moded rule about not speaking to strangers cannot possibly survive the romantic sea air. So the ship's voyage is usually another cure recommended for the lonely ones who can afford it. The hiking clubs made up of men and women also serve to bring people of mutual interests together. Playing tennis on public courts, ice-skating on public rinks and park lakes, golf on public links, riding horseback with class groups, are just as reputable social contacts as the ocean voyage.

But none of these agencies for bringing people together will completely eradicate loneliness unless the individual has first looked to his own cure, given himself the healthiest, most attractive body possible, applied common sense and imagination to himself, cultivated an alert mind which is constantly reaching out for new knowledge. These same personal cures must be applied to the lone men and women who are so unfortunate as to live in small towns. When possible, such people ought

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to leave this environment, travel, settle in larger cities, shake off old work, old ideas and styles. Those who must remain in small towns can help to fill their lives with new interests by subscribing to correspondence courses in a variety of subjects, by organizing boys' and girls' clubs, instigating the building of a country club, joining athletic organizations, attending a concert series, a lecture series, by reaching out toward their community even if it means complete readjustment of ideas and habits. Such activities help the lone man (or woman) feel that he is contributing something to the pattern of the social fabric. It gives him a sense of taking responsibility and carrying it. In many cases it is an excellent means of banishing loneliness, and loneliness is as much a problem in America as Prohibition.

THE CONFUSED GENERATION

by

Frances Woodward Prentice

Lord Chesterfield, that newspaper columnist born too soon, who wrote to his son instead, remarks that: "History must be accompanied by chronology as well as by geography, or else one has a very confused notion of it; for it is not sufficient to know what things have been done, which history teaches us; and where they have been done, which we learn from geography; but we must know when they have been done, which is the particular business of chronology."

I, who am 37 in this year of 1932, have fallen into a chronological air pocket. An air pocket inhabited by most of my female contemporaries. Some cosmic joke in the form of an experiment with time seems to have been tried on us. And, like the subjects of most experiments, we are badly confused. In these days, when it is smart to claim significance, we feel peculiarly without point. We may have a meaning in the evolutionary scheme; later, perhaps, historians will endow us with clean-cut symbolic lines. Eventually, of course, we will be 55 or 60. Perhaps that will solve our problems for us, if only because we don't care any more. But at the moment we do care. And I personally find my problems no less harrowing because they are not spectacular—are even a trifle comic.

They have a peculiar quality of their own, my problems. Because, though they are, on the one hand, intensely personal, they are, on the other hand, not so much questions of myself as an individual as of myself as a part of something so portentous as a Trend or a Group. Not problems, for example, which it would be possible to lay on the ample, if public, bosom of Miss Dorothy Dix. I could send Miss Dix, or even Doctor Cadman, a letter bewailing, in the manner of the clients of these estimable panacea purveyors, that my child of 15 stayed out later at night than I did at 20, or stating that I preferred office work to cooking, and what should I do about the attitude (not a good one) of my husband's rich retired uncle to this preference?

But could I say: "Dear Miss Dix: I find that I belong to a generation which, because of this and that, is pretty badly confused. Can you tell me what to do about it?"

I think not; with any reasonable expectation of a workable reply.

The problem is one of the first person plural; not of the first person singular. It concerns my friend Marion Beggs, in Akron, Ohio, this morning, just as much as it does myself here in Philadelphia. I know, because I have talked to Marion, and to any number of her duplicates who are my friends. We wonder about ourselves, of course. But even more we wonder about our generation. Let me hasten to add that those women of our age who are outstandingly brilliant, and those who are outstandingly dull, are not included in our questionings. Both these enviable classes, in whatever generation they occur, are perfectly content. They will know, then, that I am not speaking for them, but only for the large group which consists of our wholly commonplace selves. Because we are not content; we are bewildered.

We are trying breathlessly to straddle the tremendous gulf the war really did create; awkward Colossi, prevented from getting our feet planted firmly either Then or Now by the flapping of vestigial petticoats around one ankle, and the unreliable lack of modern muscularity in the other. Leaving simile aside—We were reared, educated,

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and married for one sort of life, and precipitated, before we had a chance to get our bearings, into a totally different sort. We are engaged, rather ignominiously, in muddling through the best we can.

When we were small we rode with our parents, behind the broad haunches of well-matched carriage horses, in Saratoga wagons. Very, very smart, with the fringe swaying gently from the dust-covered top. Then one day we were piloted, ceremonious with excitement, through the back door of the first automobile into which we had ever set our small, high-button-booted feet. If now we tell our children the story of this incident they look at us with the gaze of those who have come on Methuselah in the flesh. This gaze makes us feel very old. Or very ingenuous, which amounts to the same thing. It seems hardly fair that, physically entirely intact, we should, in effect, be exclaiming in the manner of our pioneer grandmothers who crossed the prairies in ox-carts: "My, my, what a wonderful age we are living in!"

We are diffident about laying the whole blame on the war. Maybe it was Mrs. Pankhurst, or Thomas Edison, or divided skirts for riding astride. At any rate, we realize that a great number of people have exerted themselves to provide us with a vast number of privileges, liberties, and releases which we don't quite know what to do with.

We were in school when the intolerable conditions which these crusaders for feminism fought were at their legendary worst. So we never got a taste of them. But we heard about them. In our nice boarding-schools the more earnest of the teachers fired us with desire to put our shoulders to the door which tradition was holding shut in the faces of women. We vaguely intended to do it, too. After we had come out, and married, and all that. . . .

Before we got around to it the door was swinging amiably on lax hinges. We were invited to come right in and enjoy our privileges. But we hadn't been prepared to enjoy them; we had been prepared to battle for them. The older women huzzahed triumphantly. The younger ones were so free they appeared a trifle dizzy. We blinked before the dazzling vista, and made the first of our compromise adjustments. We have grown very adept at those adjustments since.

We made our débuts, at formal teas and almost at formal dances, to the rumblings of European unrest. The following summer the Serajevo bullet set off its acute unpleasantness. But in our accustomed Buffalo, or Atlanta, or Boston, we were so remote from the whole thing that, while properly horrified, the even tenor of our indicated ways seemed quite unchanged. The orchestras were playing "Goodbye, Tipperary," by the time our wedding breakfasts took place. A new tune, with a shuddering undercurrent of vicarious excitement. But somehow we never got our teeth into the thing as the women a few years older or a few years younger managed to do. It pounced on our shelters too suddenly. Before we knew it we found ourselves the rather flat filling in the contemporary female sandwich.

America's entry into the stimulating holocaust found us engaged, in the traditional manner, in being young married women. The men we were married to were the nation's first war material. Being married we were not allowed to dash off to France in any one of the elaborate military uniforms into which older and younger women were snapping and buckling themselves. Instead, we trailed very new husbands from one confusing camp to another. We tried, in haphazard and shifting groups, to make hotel rooms in unlikely places seem like the homes we had been brought up to think we were obliged to create. Older women organized our activities, and tried to persuade us that we were pitiable heroines. Younger ones told us tall tales of over-seas service for The Boys, and tried to persuade us that we were pitiable anachronisms. Neither of these attitudes struck us as very apt. But we were too tired to figure it out. We didn't realize how those two points of view foreshadowed our future predicament.

We were agonized by partings. We saw unbelievable violence done to the ideas and ideals of the boarding-school worlds we had so lately left. In a sort of numb activity we knitted a great many socks, rolled miles of bandages, sold a great many Liberty bonds, served gallons and gallons of canteen coffee. We saw the flu stalk grimly like a nightmare reincarnation of one of the plagues of history we had just a minute ago left off studying about, and remove scores of friends with whom we had just a minute ago been attending properly chaperoned dances. We learned that people our age who were having babies didn't sew layettes. They died of the flu.

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We had a great many emotions all at once, none of which had time to crystallize into opinions or ideas. No one listened to us, anyway; we barely listened to each other. We were just pawns in everybody's game. All we knew was that this wasn't at all the kind of thing we had been led to expect. But then, we realized already that a good deal of information which might have been useful to us, as adults, had been withheld for the kindest of ostrich reasons.

Finally, of course, there was the armistice. "Now!" we thought. We took long breaths and looked around.

We have been looking around ever since; neither contented fish of the placid pre-war stream nor competent fowls of the post-war heights. One day we are Mrs. Post-Victorian Jekylls; the next Mrs. Post-War Hydes. When we conform to tradition as we knew it we feel that we are missing something. Rushing out into non-conformity we get headaches and moral panics. And then we look around again.

I don't think we are fools in doing so. Every person does seek his niche, rabid individualists to the contrary. It simply happens that no niche fits us. The pre-war one is too narrow; the post-war one too broad.

I do not exaggerate the immense gap which lies between us and the woman who, only five or six years younger, came along at a time when freedom and equipment were offered simultaneously, in something like decent proportion. Remember that almost none of my immediate friends went to college—"people didn't." We were married when, far from being fashionable to work a year or two first, such a course was unthinkable. Let one of us try to get a job, for example, now. Once more the older woman (Experience) and the younger one (College Degree) sweep confidently by and leave us smiling a little wryly. They barely look back as they pass; we are not very definite personalities to them. The older ones still order us about, to be sure, and accuse us archly of being those naughty young married people. The younger ones tolerate our presence with ill-disguised boredom.

We are not very successful at being naughty, anyway. Even our divorces are rather a bungle, for the most part. Perhaps because we cannot take sex as lightly as the young, nor as calmly as the old.

Doubtless that is why we find it hard to instruct our children as we are told we should. I find the people who tell us are apt to be the parents of children who, being twenty or so, have long since dispensed with the necessity for anything but first-hand information, or the parents of children of five who don't understand what the earnest instructors are talking about, anyway. Nevertheless these people demand sternly if we are going to allow our ten-year-olds to be unprepared for certain insidious moral crises. We only became acquainted with these complicated moral dangers a little while ago ourselves. But we brace ourselves to present Bertrand Russell in one-syllable solution. We have moments when we hope they have read it all scrawled on fences already.

There was a dim day when, at 19, I wept in secret self-consciousness after having refused to play cards on Sunday. I have since been swept clean away from my early religious moorings. All of us have, fundamentally. In our post-war moments we are free souls, unafraid. In our pre-war reactions we run the whole gamut from Tagore to Mrs. Eddy.

We engage in charitable activities, but we achieve neither the muzzily sentimental interest which older women profess, nor the impersonally brisk scientific attitude which younger ones strike.

I myself, having been impressionably present when the Morris furniture was scornfully banished to the attic as being too angular to contemplate, am uneasy in the presence of modern chairs and tables. In spite of my earnest attempts to be appreciative they remind me forcibly of their Morris forebears.

Five years ago we were encouraged to discover that the French, who ought to know, did not consider that a woman has any claim to charm before she is 30. We talked about that, among ourselves. But here we are on the shady side of 35, an age on which the French have made no really comforting comment. . . .

I admit that, statistically speaking, we are now middle-aged. Few of us admit to feeling it. We still feel—about as we did in 1916, though we have sense enough not to say so publicly. In 1916 it seemed that the next few years would answer a great many questions in a leisurely and charming manner. Of course it fooled us. Discarding leisure

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once and for all, 1916 posed questions of interest only to a sadist. We barely glimpsed the answers to any of them.

On the surface we seem pretty successful at looking like competent members of society in the century's third decade. But that is because we have developed one real talent—adaptability. Which is fortunate; we need it. But deep within ourselves are hidden bewildered Gay Nineties' children. Idiot children, we say in moments of bitterness. We were talking about it one day this summer. "Why," demanded one of us, "are women of 47 and women of 27 so sure about it all, and only people our age so mixed up?" We decided why. It is because the woman of 27 was forewarned, educated, armed. She didn't ride in any Saratoga wagons; she learned traffic signals simultaneously with the names of eighteenth-century painters. One of her number said to me not long since that the modern history course at her college was a dud! Modern! Lord! It only went as far as the World War. A comment which did not make me feel contemporaneous.

And the woman of 47? She was luckily placed where she got a spectator's view of the earthquake. Before things happened too fast she had sorted her own particular values out in her mind, and decided what her most useful permanent pose would be, incorporating subsequent changes. She risks daring to-day, tolerance to-morrow, because she possesses a core of adamant changelessness.

"Then," some one in the group concluded wearily, "looking at these two, who are near enough in actual years, and really as distant as planets, what *we* are is a splendid collection of Jo-Jos, the missing links."

Then, suddenly, the conversation took an upward trend. We found ourselves amused, and gratified. Perhaps, we said, our time, belated enough to be sure, is coming now. That hard-won adaptability of ours . . .

Learned alarmists of various professions tell us that the world must face, maybe this winter even, a reversal of values, an uprooting of standards, a devastating readjustment. The women of 47, who have never been really jarred loose from their foundations—and who don't really think they can be—wag solemn heads and foretell dooms. The women of 27 who, though they think they are as free as air, are just as dependent on speakeasies and airplanes and jobs as ever their mothers were on tea parties and runabouts and chafing dishes, remark that it's all nonsense—because how *can* people suddenly throw overboard all their ways of life and start again on some fantastic new plan?

How indeed? Here, after all, is something *we* know about.

Uprooted? Well—We've been uprooted all our adult lives.

Throw overboard the rules and start playing new ones? Surely. We've done that several times already.

Change our moral, social, political standards? Of course. Why not? We can. We have.

Not that we are brave about shocks. Rather, we are, as it were, insulated.

Perhaps the adaptability with which we have already cloaked so many tremors has become the actual garment of our several souls. A chameleon's garment, to be sure. But still—listening to the present near-panicked talk, we conclude that we don't really much mind being chameleons. Though confusing at first it isn't so bad when you get the hang of it.

It makes a curious conclusion. A group of women who are the unsure product of change. And who are sure of only one thing—that they can manage any change they have to, and muddle through it.

Maybe that is the tag with which the historians will label us in the end. "Group of Women Born Approximately 1895, Who Muddled Through."

I wonder. It will be fun to see.

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AS I LIKE IT – *William Lyon Phelps*

"My Father—Mark Twain," by his daughter, Clara Clemens (Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch), is a book that should have an enormous circulation. Consciously or unconsciously, we have been waiting for it; that is to say, we have wanted an intimate revelation of Mark Twain as a man, a picture of him as a person rather than as a personage. And here he is, inside his own house, living his daily life, with no thought of the public. We see his face and we hear his voice. We are admitted to the family circle and he does not know we are there.

There is probably more universal interest in the personality of Mark Twain than in any other American writer, living or dead. The whole world reads him and the whole world loves him. No other writer has ever succeeded in making an assumed name so truly a household word. George Eliot and Anatole France have nothing like the range of his reputation nor do they seem so sure of immortality. George Eliot belongs to English literature and Anatole France belongs to French literature; Mark Twain belongs to the world.

Had he lived and died as a pilot on the Mississippi, his tremendous personality might have made him a legendary figure; had he succeeded in his mining enterprises in Nevada, he might now be remembered as one of our Western pioneers. It was only by an accident that he became a literary man; and it was only when the colossal force of his mighty genius found its full expression in "Tom Sawyer" and in "Huckleberry Finn" that he was able to produce imperishable masterpieces.

He did everything possible to escape his fate and fame. Had the Civil War not stopped passenger traffic on the river, he would have continued contentedly as a pilot, for he had reached the summit of his ambition—the pilot was the king of the Mississippi. Had he not failed of becoming a mining millionaire by a few minutes, he would have enjoyed his fortune with his friends on the frontier.

Even as a writer, Mark Twain almost always miscast himself. He thought that "Joan of Arc" was his masterpiece, for he had done his best to make it so. (Barrett Wendell said shrewdly that Shakespeare probably thought his own finest work was "Coriolanus.") Mark Twain wanted to be a philosopher, but somehow cheerfulness kept breaking in.

It seems strange to-day that Mark Twain's reputation as a literary genius was so delayed; and undoubtedly he would have been more famous if he had not been so funny. Calvin Coolidge, who was the class humorist as an undergraduate, observed that funny men never got anywhere in politics; and he made up his mind that he would never be funny again. That's that.

When I was a boy in Hartford, Mark Twain was a familiar figure on the street and in public places; every one knew he was Hartford's most famous citizen, but few were aware of his greatness as a literary artist or of the position that he was to take in the world of letters. Although he published "Tom Sawyer" in 1876 and "Huckleberry Finn" in 1884, it was not until after 1900 that he received anything like his due recognition. He was so generally regarded as a professionally funny man that contemporary critics and historians of American literature ranked him with Josh Billings and Petroleum V. Nasby, instead of with Emerson and Hawthorne.

As a small boy I heard Mark Twain read in Mr. Twichell's church from "Tom Sawyer" which had been published and from "Huckleberry Finn" which had not. No other public reader surpassed Mark Twain. The same scrupulous accuracy that made him so careful of dialect and of italics in everything that he prepared for publication, made him pay the utmost attention to the proper emphasis in reading aloud. We know from repeated instances how disgusted he was with the common pulpit method of reading the Bible and hymns, without the slightest regard to the meaning of the sentences. Even in the 'seventies, Mark Twain's favorite poet was Browning; he used to say that he could make any so-called obscure passage in Browning transparently clear merely by reading it aloud. In Hartford he belonged to a club which met regularly to hear him read the poetry of Browning: how I wish we had a record of these readings on a gramophone!

While many critics of to-day are angry with the critics of fifty and forty years ago because they did not see that Mark Twain was a world-genius, this

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is partly his own fault. A few years ago, I spent some time examining files of old newspapers of 1865–1870, which contain many "funny" articles by Mark Twain. Most of them are terrible—they are appalling.

The best thing that ever happened to him was his marriage. Not only did he marry the woman he loved all the rest of his life and who returned his love with equal ardor and constancy—she was exactly the kind of woman he ought to have married. She gave him the inspiration he needed, set the standards necessary to his irregular genius, and directed his ambition in the right channels. He never did any first-rate literary work until after his marriage; and during the first fifteen years of his married life, he wrote "Roughing It," "Tom Sawyer," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Huckleberry Finn."

Now if one wants to know what kind of a man was Mark Twain, this admirable book by his daughter gives the requisite information. These pages are worth reams of serious criticism or heavy-handed attempts at psycho-analysis by those who never knew him and are themselves devoid of a sense of humor. Clara Clemens understood her father as only a woman in the household understands a man, and her devotion to him made her see him more clearly. Furthermore she is herself an artist, and knows in the art of portrayal the necessary light and shade.

Every professional writer begrudges the time and effort given to the composition of letters; it is exactly as if a lawyer, after working on a case all day, had to come home and continue working on it (without remuneration and without progress) half the night. Early in his career Mark Twain said:

> America is in one way *hell* pure and simple; the eternal, infernal, everlasting letter-writing required. If I did the half of it that my conscience demands of me I would have time for *nothing* else. Ah, in that sweeter, lovelier, peacefuller hell there is no letter-writing.

By all those readers who knew Mark Twain personally this book contains a verifiable portrait; others will feel as if they had not only seen him in his habit as he lived, but as if they had enjoyed the privilege of his friendship.

The tremendous vitality of the man is shown in his books, in the enormous amount of work he accomplished, and even in his rages; for although, as with most men, it was a trivial thing like an elusive collar-button that aroused him to the most fearful display of passion, his expression of this passion was never petulant or peevish; it was colossal, sublime. As his daughter tells us,

> Every member of our family was provided with a healthy temper, but none of us possessed one comparable to the regal proportions of Father's. When his escaped into the open, it was a grand sight. Here was the liberation of the caged wild animals of the earth. It did one good to see it, a raging flood of waters that tore away puerile dams insulting to freedom. Father's temper shone with the light of his genius. Being angry or irritable in the ordinary way is merely bad management of a good thing, the soul. But the consuming rage of a temper such as Father's has its roots in heaven. When to make use of this divine power so that it shall be creative and not destructive is a great art.

I am glad that Clara Clemens has dedicated her book to Albert Bigelow Paine, whose biography of Mark Twain is one of the best biographical works of modern times.

"Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw, a Correspondence, edited by (Miss) Christopher St. John," is of course a highly interesting work, although occasionally monotonous and irritating. Mr. Shaw's preface of twenty-one pages is, like his other prefaces, a remarkable exhibition of literary technic; but surely it was not necessary to warn readers against moral shock. The most memorable passage in the entire book is on page 157, and it is worth the price of the whole work to read that. There Shaw describes in a moment of impulse (he was writing on a train) why and how he became a teetotaler, and also a cynic while still a child. Those few words explain many things.

Although it may be profanation, sacrilege, blasphemy to say it, I never thought Ellen Terry was a great actress. She was a great woman, a wonderful person, but never a great actress. One of the most impressive dramatic performances I ever saw was Irving's production of "Faust"—she was there, but Margaret was not. She was always Ellen Terry, whatever part she took; one reason for her enormous popularity. The English people loved and adored her for many years and they went to the theatre not to see an interpretation of Portia or of Beatrice, but to see the woman Ellen Terry, who never played any other part. Although Mr. Shaw hated Irving and loved Ellen Terry, when Irving was on the stage he dominated the scene; and while

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I never thought him a great Shakespearean actor, in such melodramas as "The Lyons Mail," "The Bells," "Louis XI," he was tremendous. He was more necessary to her than she to him; for if there had never been any Ellen Terry, Irving's fame as an actor would not have been dimmed; whereas she could hardly have succeeded as a star. In comparison with Sarah Bernhardt or Duse, she was nothing; and her younger contemporary, Mrs. Pat Campbell, was certainly a more consummate actress. But Ellen Terry was a person of ineffable charm—one hundred per cent *woman* from her soul to her fingertips. This book should become a classic as a revelation of a great woman's heart and mind.

Edna Ferber, who showed in the year 1921 in her transitional novel "The Girls" what she *could* do, has been doing it steadily ever since. Any novelist in the world might reasonably be proud of having written "So Big," "Show Boat," "Cimarron," and "American Beauty," four works of art. "American Beauty" is a masterpiece. It is a masterpiece because of its characters, because of its construction, because of its style. It is a work of pure literature; but it is also a contribution to history, to economics, to philosophy. And with all its dramatic excitement, it contains more absolute truth than many biographical and historical works.

Let me recommend to all and sundry "Russia—My Home," by Emma Cochran Ponafidine, an American woman who was married to a distinguished Russian; she lived in Russia many years before the revolution and by a miracle succeeded in living through it. We want witnesses more than we want advocates; and Madame Ponafidine gives an intimate account of her happy life in Russia before the war, and of the horrors she suffered during the Bolshevist régime. She does not need to emphasize the facts; they speak for themselves.

The English man of letters, Frederic Whyte, who wrote so admirable a biography of the publisher William Heinemann, has produced a charming book of literary reminiscences, called "A Bachelor's London," in which we have intimate portraits of Bernard Shaw, William Archer, G. K. Chesterton, Conan Doyle, Max Beerbohm, and many others. The author's revelation of his own work in a famous publishing house is full of interest; and one wonders how he could have lived and been so cheerful on a microscopic salary. The account of his excursion to the University of Upsala in Sweden was of particular interest to me, for I shall never forget the visit I paid to that academic society. This is a book that will hold the attention of all interested in contemporary literature in England; and there is a pleasant glow at the core of it, arising from the author's unconscious modesty and keen sense of humor.

Did you know that early in her career Sheila Kaye-Smith had published a little book on Richardson the novelist, with extracts from his three novels? I saw an advertisement in a catalogue of rare works, and secured it immediately. I like it better than her latest story, "Susan Spray," the only book by her that I found disappointing.

"Englishmen at Rest and Play," which deals with "some phases of English leisure," 1558–1714, and is written by "Members of Wadham College," Oxford, is a real contribution to social history. It deals with watering-places, the observance of Sunday, Country Inns and Ale-houses, Meals and Meal-times. There is literally not a dull page; it is well-shod with foot-notes, which are as beguiling as the text.

Every American who visits London must have a Baedeker; and here is another book, smaller than a Baedeker, that one should also take with him. It is called "London for Everyman," is written by William Kent, has over two hundred pages, with forty-eight pages of colored maps.

And here is a book that I have always wanted—"Owen Glendower," by J. E. Lloyd. Ever since I read "King Henry IV," by William Shakespeare, and I read it first as a small boy, I have been fascinated by that Welsh chieftain, whom Hotspur baited so cruelly. When I was an undergraduate at Yale, I wrote the following sonnet:

GLENDOWER

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep:"
The planet spheres are under my control:
To me the future is an open scroll
Unfurled by angels in my golden sleep.
Men tremble at my name; and women weep
In silent terror as my chariots roll

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To bloody battles: the funereal toll
Proclaims the harvest I am come to reap.
I have a part in God's almighty power!
My voice will calm the surly ocean's swell,
And hush the boisterous winter's icy breath.
My joy is in the combat's dreadful hour:
I fear no foe in earth or heaven or hell,
And laugh in mockery at grinning Death.

In a recent review I saw this statement—"Perhaps no other novelist's work is awaited with such eager anticipation as Virginia Woolf's." Perhaps: yet I await with more eager anticipation the work of John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Hugh Walpole (except more of those Herries, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?), Edith Wharton, Edna Ferber, Anne Sedgwick, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Sheila Kaye-Smith, May Sinclair, Booth Tarkington, Sinclair Lewis, Maurice Baring, Alice Duer Miller.

Here are some thrillers well worth reading: "The Man Who Walked with Death," by Sydney Horler: "Mouse Trap," by M. N. A. Messer: "First Night Murder," by F. G. Parke: "The Murder Tree," by Leslie McFarlane: "The Man Who Was Dead," by W. Stanley Sykes: "The Toni Diamonds," by Gordon Latta: "Gangsters' Glory," by E. Phillips Oppenheim: "The Philosopher's Murder Case," by J. R. Crawford.

Instead of printing a number of letters this time, I am going to print one from a woman which deals with women; it is called

IDEAS ON A MARRIAGE MART FOR INTELLECTUALS

Since the publication of a recent article in SCRIBNER'S you seem to be marked out by fate as God's gift to unmarried women who have been too occupied by the acquisition of learning to acquire that other so satisfactory object in life, a husband.

The educated woman to whose advantage this column will be dedicated knows full well the value of self-analysis when this problem of marrying herself off becomes urgent. There are three classes of women, roughly speaking, in the entire civilized world. Class A, we shall not deal with in these columns. She is the undervitalized, anæmic person who is physiologically unsuited for marriage and her unsuitability is so firmly advertised by her general unattractiveness that she is simply *hors de combat* from the outset. Poor thing, we look upon her fate with pity but agree that her only remedy would be that prescribed by Mrs. Poyser —"she should be born over again and born different." Class B and Class C are the two main divisions of healthy, vital women who are properly eligible to marriage from a eugenic standpoint. Class B is comprised of those women whose brains are so constructed that in their cradles they recognized the importance of sex, its possibilities, its exigencies. They have eliminated from the very start everything in their curricula which does not lead to that end. For them proving a proposition in Mathematics is an exercise in attracting men, so coyly do they tap out each step with their pointers, so appealingly do they glance at Professors, susceptible or otherwise, when they finally come to the Q.E.D. The members of Class B may be brainy enough to pursue the higher forms of learning clear to the B.A. degree, or too dumb to come in out of the rain. That makes no difference. They know the rules of the great game instinctively and play it to win. They marry early, often acquiring by superior technique, men who were originally devotedly attached to their sisters in Class C, who fumbled in the catch either through sheer maladroitness at the game or through the fact that they were at the moment too interested in some intellectual problem to give sufficient attention to holding their own.

It is Class C that we are primarily interested in because it is they who have presented this as a problem crying for a solution. They have succeeded in learning the part of the world's work they have had to do; they have not cultivated the art of seduction. Now they find themselves "getting on" as the saying is. They look about them and see frivolous, selfish women whom they despised in adolescence in possession of men, homes, babies. They recognize in themselves an equal or greater ability to make the men happy, to manage the homes efficiently, to care for the babies devotedly. What to do?

The first rule to remember is that rules were made to be broken. It was not by obeying Mamma and minding their book that the B's met and captured their men. Their Mammas gave them the same rules the poor C's have been following so consecratedly with so little success. All the Mammas that ever lived have told their daughters that they must never, never look coyly at strange men and the B's have looked coyly at all and sundry diligently. All the Mammas have always told their daughters that they must never, never let a man touch them except to encircle the waist chastely in the dance. The C's obediently slapped any boy who offered to snatch a kiss with the result that the next B passing caught him on the rebound. All the Mammas have always made it a point to insist that good girls never become friendly with men to whom they have not been formally introduced. Now as a matter of fact a great many nice men exist who for various reasons have, as has been pointed out in the columns of this magazine, no way of being formally introduced to nice girls. Unless a Mother intends to make it her business to procure and introduce eligible men to her daughter, as is done abroad or among the Junior Leaguers (whose marriage percentage is, by the way, notably high) she should allow that rule to fall eternally into the discard. Now as a matter of fact no

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girl stands in any danger from any man in any circumstances as long as she does not get drunk or meet the villain half way.

So, my poor friend of Class C, the next time you meet that good-looking man in the art gallery who, lonely soul, offered you the use of his catalogue, do not draw yourself up and bridle. That isn't done any more and never was done by the members of Class B whom you envy. Accept it. Talk to him about the pictures. You probably know a great deal about them which he has not had the opportunity to learn but which he craves to know.

This brings us, however, to a rule which I am going to make for you. I said at the start that you should remember that rules were made to be followed by the unsuccessful and broken by the successful. This is a rule, yes. But I would advise you to follow it. When you hunt, travel alone. Watch the Class B girls out at the great game of finding a mate. Do they travel in packs? They do not. Or if they do the packs are so loosely organized that they fray out to nothing quickly. They have no engagements with each other which cannot be broken without a word of apology the instant a desirable man appears on the horizon.

Remember the old adage that two are company but three is a crowd. A man who would very gladly talk to you to-day, take you to tea next week and perhaps marry you in six months will absolutely not undertake to entertain a seminary. Besides, being seen continually in groups with other, shall I say the word? old maids, stamps you. You become classified and every one accepts the classification including yourself. Make up your mind that you would rather go about alone than with other women with whom you have probably little in common except the fact that they, like yourself, have not been able to get a man to take them round. By isolating yourself you will instantly become more noticeable and to be noticed by a man at the psychological moment is to attract him often permanently.

I will admit that to allow yourself to be picked up discreetly is something that can only be done in metropolitan cities. It cannot be done at Hayseed Corners without immediate and irredeemable stigma.

In case you live in a small place save up your pennies and go away. Go to a metropolis on the pretext of taking a further course of study or better still go abroad. Do not allow yourself to be dragged into feminine intimacy. Hold yourself aloof. Dramatize yourself, if necessary, as some one with a past or a present or a future. Anything but to admit that you are an old maid who cannot attract men. There is nothing like aloofness, especially on an ocean voyage. I have had them betting in the smoking room of more than one liner as to whether I was an authoress or a suffragette travelling *incognita*. And, of course, to settle the bets it became necessary to make efforts to meet me. Also, get the notion out of your head that you have to marry the first man you meet. You probably won't. But you will get the habit of being looked at, being talked to, being thought about by men. A very agreeable habit itself and one which leads almost inevitably to matrimony.

Another rule: *Never let any other woman tell you what to wear.*

TITLES OF BOOKS AND PUBLISHERS MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE ARTICLE

"My Father—Mark Twain," by Clara Clemens. Harpers. $5.
"Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw," ed. Miss C. St. John. Putnams. $5.
"American Beauty," by Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
"Russia—My Home," by Emma Ponafidine. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.
"A Bachelor's London," by Frederic Whyte. Grant Richards, London. 12s. 6d.
"Englishmen at Rest and Play," by Members of Wadham College. Oxford. $4.25.
"London for Everyman," by W. Kent. Dutton. $1.50.
"Owen Glendower," by J. E. Lloyd. Oxford. $3.
"The Man Who Walked with Death," by Sydney Horler. Knopf. $2.
"Mouse Trap," by M. N. A. Messer. Putnams. $2.
"First Night Murder," by F. G. Parke. Dial. $2.
"The Murder Tree," by Leslie McFarlane. Dutton. $2.
"The Man Who Was Dead," by W. Stanley Sykes. Dodd, Mead. $2.
"The Toni Diamonds," by Gordon Latta. Dial. $2.
"Gangsters' Glory," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown. $2.
"The Philosopher's Murder Case," by J. R. Crawford. Sears. $2.

"As I Like It," by William Lyon Phelps, appears in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *each month. Its author has recently received two such diverse honors as election to the American Academy of Arts and Letters and award of the Montclair Faculty Plate "for the most distinguished service to the university by a member of the faculty," presented by enthusiastic alumni in Nick Roberts's old Yale barn redolent of memories of football parties.*

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MILL GIRLS *Continued from page 12*

selling jewelry, sharp-eyed men who had the nerve to say anything to a body. Perhaps they and the shows had been up north and out west, where the cowboys were, and on Broadway in New York and everywhere. Doris knew about all of these things because she had been to the movies quite a lot.

Being just a mill hand, born one, was like being always a prisoner. You couldn't get out of knowing that. You were housed in, shut up. People, outside people, not mill hands, thought you were different. They looked down on you. They couldn't help it. They couldn't know how you got sometimes, wanting to explode, hating every one and everything. When you got that way you had to hold on tight and shut up. It was the best way.

The show people went places. They were in Langdon, Georgia, for a week and then they disappeared. Nell and Fanny and Doris all thought the same thing that day when they first got to the fair and began to look around, but they didn't talk about it. Maybe Grace didn't feel what the rest felt. She was gentler and tireder. She would have been a home body if some man had married her. Doris didn't understand why some man hadn't. It might be that the show girls, at the hula-hula tent, weren't so nice, in their tights and showing their legs, but they weren't mill hands anyway. Nell in particular was in rebellion. She almost always was. Nell could swear like a man. She didn't give a damn. "God, I'd like to try it myself," she was thinking that day when the four first got to the fair.

Before she had her kid, Doris and Ed her husband used to go to the movies a lot. It was fun, something to talk about, she liked it, particularly Charley Chaplin and westerns. She liked about crooks and people getting in tight places and fighting and shooting. It made her nerves tingle. There were pictures about rich people, how they lived, etc. They wore wonderful dresses.

They went to parties and dances. There were young girls and they were ruined. You saw a scene, in the movies, in a garden. There was a high stone fence with vines on it. There was a moon.

There were nice grass and flower beds and little houses with vines and with seats inside.

A young girl came out of a house, out at a side door, with a man, older than she was, a lot. She was beautifully dressed. She had on a low-neck dress. That was what you wore at parties among swells. He talked to her. He took her into his arms and kissed her. He had a gray mustache. He led her away to a seat in a little open house in the yard.

There was a poor young man who wanted to marry her. He didn't have any money. The rich man got her. He betrayed her. He ruined her. Such plays, in the movies, gave Doris a queer feeling inside. She walked home with Ed to the mill house in the mill village where they lived and they didn't talk. It would be funny if Ed wished, just for a while, that he was rich and could live in a house like that and ruin such a young girl. If he did he didn't say so. Doris was wishing something. After seeing such a show sometimes, she wished some rich wicked man would come and ruin her just once, not for keeps but just once, in such a garden, back of such a house . . . so quiet and the moonlight shining . . . you knowing you didn't have to get up and get breakfast and hurry off to the mill at half-past five, rain or snow, winter and summer . . . if you had swell underwear and were beautiful.

Westerns were nice. There were men always riding horses and they had guns and shot each other. They were always fighting about some woman. "Not my kind," Doris thought. Even a cowboy wouldn't be such a fool about a mill girl. Doris was curious, rather philosophical, alert. "Even if I had the money and the clothes and the underwear and the silk stockings to wear every day I guess I wouldn't be any swell," she thought. She was short of body and firm breasted. Her head was big and so was her mouth. She had strong white teeth. Most of the mill girls had bad teeth. If there was always a lurking sense of beauty, following her sturdy little figure like a shadow, going every day to the mill with her, coming home, going with her when she went somewhere with other mill girls, it wasn't very obvious. Not many people saw it.

Things got suddenly ridiculous and funny to her. It might happen any time. She wanted to scream and dance. She had to hang onto herself. If you got too gay in the mill, out you went. Then where were you?

There was Tom Shaw, who was the president of the Langdon mill, the big gun there. He didn't come into the mill often . . . he stayed in the office . . . but now and then he did come. He walked through looking, or he brought some visitors through. He was such a funny self-important little man that Doris wanted to laugh at him but she didn't. When he came past her side, or walked through, or the foreman or the superintendent came, before Grace got laid off, she was always scared. Mostly about Grace. Grace hardly ever had her side up.

If you didn't keep your side right up, if some one came along and too many of your bobbins were stopped . . .

Thread was wound on bobbins in the spinning-room of a mill. A side was one side of a long narrow hallway between rows of flying bobbins. Thousands of separate threads came down from up above somewhere to be wound, each thread on its own bobbin, and if it broke the bobbin stopped. You could tell how many had stopped at one time by just looking. The bobbin stood still. It was waiting for you to come quickly and tie the broken thread in again. There might be four bobbins stopped at one end of your side and at the same time, at the other end, a long walk, there might be three more stopped. The thread, coming to feed the bobbins, so they could go to the loom room, kept coming and coming. "If it would only stop, just for an hour," Doris thought sometimes, not often. If a girl only didn't have to see it coming and coming all day long or, if she was on the night shift, all night long. It kept coming all day long, all night long. It was wound onto bobbins that were to go into the loom room where Ed and Tom Musgrave and Ma Musgrave worked. When the bobbins on your side were full a man, who was called "a doffer," came and took the full bobbins away. He took

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out the full bobbins and put in empty ones. He pushed a little cart along before him and it was taken away filled with the loaded bobbins.

There were millions and millions of bobbins to be filled. They never ran out of empty bobbins. It seemed there must be hundreds of millions of them, like stars, or like drops of water in a river or grains of sand in a field. Getting out now and then to a place like that fair, where there were shows and people you had never seen and people talking and niggers laughing and hundreds of other mill hands like herself and Grace and Nell and Fanny, not in the mill now but outside, was a great relief. Thread and bobbins got out of your head for a while anyway.

They didn't go on so much in Doris's head when she was not in the mill at work. They did in Grace's head. Doris didn't know so well how it was with Fanny and Nell.

At the fair there was a man performed free on the trapeze. He was funny. Even Grace laughed at him. Nell and Fanny laughed hard and so did Doris. Nell, since Grace had been laid off, had taken Grace's place in the mill next to Doris. She hadn't taken Grace's place purposely. She couldn't help it. She was a tall girl with yellow hair and long legs. Men fell for her. She could put the bee on men. She was on the square just the same.

Men liked her. The foreman in the spinning-room, a young man but with a bald head and married, would have liked to get Nell. He wasn't the only one. Even at the fair the show men and others, who didn't know the four girls, looked at her most. They made cracks at her. They got too smart. Nell could swear like a man. She went to church, but she swore. She didn't care what she said. When Grace got laid off, when the tight times came, Nell, who was put on her side with Doris, said:

"The dirty skunks, they laid Grace off," she said. She came in there where Doris was, at work, with her head up. She always carried it up. . . . "It's damn lucky she's got Tom and her mother working," she said to Doris. "Maybe she can make it go with Tom and her mother working, if they don't get laid off," she said.

"She oughtn't to be to work in here nohow. Don't you think so?" Doris did think so. She liked and admired Nell but not as she did Grace. She liked the to-hell-with-everything about Nell. "I wish I had it," she thought sometimes. If there ever was a strike in the Langdon mills, if they got up a union, as they talked about doing sometimes, not openly but secretly, in whispers, Nell would be in it strong. Nell would goddam the foreman and the sup when they weren't around but when they came around . . . Of course she wasn't a fool. She gave them the eye. They liked it. Her eyes seemed to be saying, "Ain't you splendid?" She didn't mean it. Her eyes always seemed to be saying something to men. "All right. Get me if you can," they said. "I'm getable," they said. "If you're man enough."

Nell wasn't married but there were a dozen men in the mill, married and unmarried, who had tried to make her. The young unmarried ones meant marriage. Nell said: "You got to work 'em. You got to keep them guessing but don't give in to them unless they make you." "Make them think you think they're swell," she said.

"Goddam their souls," she said sometimes.

The young man, unmarried, who was doffer on their side, the side Grace and Doris had been on and then Nell and Doris, after Grace got laid off, used not to say much when he came around when Grace was there. He was sorry for Grace. Grace never could quite keep up her side. Doris was always having to leave her side and work Grace's side so she wouldn't be shown up. He knew it. He used to whisper sometimes to Doris. "The poor kid," he said. "If Jim Lewis gets onto her she gets laid off." Jim Lewis was the room foreman. He was the one who was hot on Nell. He was a bald man, about thirty, with a wife and two kids. When Nell took Grace's side the young fellow who was doffer there changed.

He was always kidding with Nell, trying to date her up. He called her "legs." "Hello legs," he said. "What about it? What about a date? What about the movies to-night?"

"Come on," he said, "I'll take you."

"Not to-night," she said. "We'll think it over," she said.

She kept giving him the eye, keeping him on it.

"Not to-night. I'm busy to-night." You'd have thought she had a man dated up for almost every night in the week. She didn't. She never went out alone with men, didn't walk with them or talk with them outside the mill. She stuck to the other girls. "I like them better," she told Doris. "Some of them, a lot of them, are cats but they got more spunk in them than the men." She talked rough enough about the young doffer when he had to leave their side and go to the next side. "The damn little skate," she said. "He thinks he can date me up." She laughed but it wasn't a very pleasant laugh.

At the fair there was an open space, right in the centre of the field, where all the ten-cent side shows were and there was a free show. There were a man and woman who danced on roller skates and did tricks and a little girl in tights who danced and two men who tumbled over each other and over chairs and tables and everything. There was a man kept coming out on the platform. He had a megaphone. "Professor Mathews. Where's Professor Mathews?" he kept calling through the megaphone.

"Professor Mathews. Professor Mathews."

Professor Mathews was to be the trapeze performer. He was to be the best thing in the show. The hand bills they had put out said so.

There was a long wait. It was Saturday and there weren't many town people from Langdon at the fair, hardly any, maybe none. . . . Doris didn't think she saw any that looked like that. If they had been there they had come earlier in the week. It was nigger's day. It was a day for mill hands and for a lot of poor farmers with mules and their families.

The niggers kept pretty much off to themselves. They generally did. There were separate stands for them to eat at. You could hear them laughing and talking everywhere. There were fat old Negro women with their Negro men and young Negro girls in bright-colored dresses and the young bucks after them.

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It was a hot day in the fall. There was a jam of people. The four girls kept off by themselves. It was a hot day.

The field had been all overgrown with weeds and with tall grass but now it was mostly all tramped down. There was hardly any. There were mostly dust and bare places coming and it was all red. Doris had got into one of her moods. She was in a "don't-touch-me" mood. She had got silent.

Grace clung to her. She stayed right close. She didn't much like Nell's and Fanny's being there. Fanny was short and fat and had little short fat fingers.

Nell said of her . . . not at the fair but before that, in the mill, she said: "Fanny's lucky. She's got a man and no kids." Doris didn't know exactly how she did feel about her own kid. It was at home with her mother-in-law, Ed's mother.

Ed was lying up. He would lie up the whole afternoon. "You go on," he had said to Doris when the girls came for her. He would get a newspaper or a book and lie up all afternoon on the bed. He would take his shirt and shoes off. The Hoffmans didn't have any books except a Bible and some children's books Ed had left over from his boyhood, but he could get books from the library. There was a branch of the Langdon town library in the mill village.

There was a man called "a well-fare worker," employed by the Langdon mills. He had a house on the best street of houses in the village, the street in which the day superintendent and some of the other higher-ups lived. Some of the foremen lived over there. The foreman of the spinning-room did.

The well-fare worker's name was Mr. Smith. The front room of his house had been made into a branch library. His wife kept it. Ed would put on his good clothes, after Doris left, and go get a book. He would take back the book he got the week before and get another. The well-fare worker's wife would be nice to him. She'd think: "He's nice. He cares for higher things." He liked stories about men, men who had actually lived and had been big men. He had read about big men like Napoleon Bonepart and General Lee and Lord Wellington and Disralie. He read in the books in the afternoon all week, after he woke up.

After Doris got in the don't-touch-me mood that day at the fair and was that way a little while, the others noticed how she was. Grace noticed first but didn't say anything. "What the hell's the matter?" Nell said. "I got the woozies," Doris said. She didn't have any woozies at all. She didn't have the blues. It wasn't that.

Sometimes with a person it's this way . . . the place you are in is there but it isn't there. If you are at a fair it's that way. If you are at work in a mill it's that way.

You hear things. You touch things. You don't.

You do and you don't. You can't explain. Doris might even be in bed with Ed. They liked to lie awake a long time on Saturday night. It was the only night they had. They could sleep in the morning. You were there and you weren't there. You might, as Doris did sometimes, if you were a woman and married to a good man like Ed, be thinking about some man, not your husband. You might be wishing for him and not wishing, not going back on your own man but wishing just the same. Another man, like that young town man with red hair Doris saw sometimes in the mill, the one they said was a spy. Doris could smile, a far-off smile, at herself mostly. She wasn't the only one who was that way sometimes. Ed was sometimes. You spoke to him and he answered but he was away off somewhere. It might have been the books with Ed. He might be somewhere with Napoleon Bonepart or with Lord Wellington or some one like that. He might be a big-bug himself instead of just a mill hand. You couldn't tell what he was being.

You could smell it, you could taste it, you could see it. It didn't touch you.

There was a Ferris wheel at the fair . . . ten cents. There was a merry-go-round . . . ten cents. Stands were selling hot dogs and Coca-Cola and lemonade and Milky Ways at the fair.

There were little wheels you could gamble on. A mill hand from the Langdon mill, that day Doris went with Grace and Nell and Fanny, lost twenty-seven dollars. He had saved it up. The girls didn't hear about it until Monday at the mill. "The damn fool," Nell said to Doris, "don't the damn fool know you can't beat them at their own game?" "If they weren't out to get you what would they be there for?" she asked. There was a little bright shining wheel with an arrow that went around. It stopped on numbers. The mill hand lost a dollar and then another. He got excited. He plunked down ten dollars. He thought: "I'll keep up till I get even." "The damn fool," Nell said to Doris.

Nell felt about a game like that, she felt: "You can't beat it." She felt about men: "You can't beat it." Doris liked Nell. She thought about her. "If she ever gives up she'll give up hard," she thought. It wouldn't be exactly like herself and her husband Ed, she thought, Ed asking her. Her thinking, "I might as well, I guess. A woman might as well have herself a man." If Nell ever gave in to a man it would be a cave-in.

"Professor Mathews. Professor Mathews. Professor Mathews."

Professor Mathews was the man who was on the bills to perform on the trapeze at the fair. He wasn't there. They couldn't find him. It was Saturday. Perhaps he had got drunk. "I'll bet he's off somewhere drunk," Fanny said to Nell. Fanny was standing beside Nell. Grace stayed right close to Doris all that day. Not saying a word hardly. She was little and pale. As Nell and Fanny walked toward the place where the free show was to be a man laughed at them. He laughed at Nell and Fanny walking together. He was a showman. "Hello," he said to another man, "there's the long and short of it." The other man laughed. "Go to hell," Nell said. The four girls stood close together to watch the trapeze performance. "They advertise a trapeze performance free and then they don't have it," Nell said. "He's off drunk," Fanny said. There was a man who was tanked up. He came forward out of the crowd. He was a man who looked like a farmer. He had red hair and no hat. He came forward out of the crowd. He reeled. He could hardly stand up. He had on blue overalls. He had a big Adam's apple. "Ain't your Professor Mathews here?" he managed to ask the man on the platform, the one who had the megaphone. "I'm a tra-

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peze performer," he said. The man who was on the platform laughed. He put the megaphone under his arm.

The sky above the fairground at Langdon, Georgia, that day was blue. It was a clear light blue. It was hot. All the girls in Doris's gang had on thin dresses. Doris had on blue. The sky that day was the bluest she had ever seen, Doris thought.

The drunken man said: "If you can't find your Professor Mathews I can do it."

"You can?" (The eyes of the man on the platform registered surprise, amusement, doubt.)

"You damn right I can. I'm a Yank, I am."

The man had to hold onto the edge of the platform. He almost fell. He fell back and fell forward. He could just stand.

"You can?"

"Yes, I can."

"Where'd you learn?"

"I learned up North. I'm a Yank. I learned on an apple-tree limb up North."

"Yankee Doodle," the man shouted. He opened his mouth wide and shouted, "Yankee Doodle."

So that was what a Yank was like. Doris had never seen a Yank before, not to know he was a Yank. Nell and Fanny laughed.

Crowds of niggers laughed. Crowds of mill hands standing and looking laughed. The man on the platform had to fairly lift the drunken man up. He got him almost up once and then let him fall, just to make a fool of him. The next try he got him up. "Like a fool. Just like a fool man," Nell said.

The man performed good after all. He didn't at first. He fell and fell. He'd get up on the trapeze and then he'd fall on the platform. He fell on his face, on his neck, on his head, on his back.

The people laughed and laughed. Afterward Nell said, "I cracked my damn sides laughing at the damn fool." Fanny laughed hard too. Even Grace laughed a little. Doris didn't. It wasn't her laughing day. She felt all right but it wasn't her laughing day. The man on the trapeze fell and fell and then he seemed to get sober. He performed all right. He performed good.

The girls had a Coca-Cola. They had a Milky Way. They had a ride on the Ferris wheel. There were little seats so you could sit two by two so Grace sat with Doris, Nell with Fanny. Nell would have rather been with Doris. She let Grace be. Grace didn't set 'em up like the others did, one a Coca-Cola, one a Milky Way and one a Ferris-wheel ride. She couldn't. She was broke. She was laid off.

There are days when nothing can touch you. If you are just a mill girl in a Southern cotton mill it doesn't matter. Something lives inside you that looks and sees. What does anything matter to you? It is queer about such days. The machinery in the mill gets on your nerves terribly some days but on such days it doesn't. On such days you are far away from people but, it's odd, sometimes then you are most attractive to them. They all want to crowd up close. "Give. Give me. Give me."

"Give what?"

You haven't got a thing. You are just that way. "Here I am. You can't touch me."

Doris was in the Ferris wheel with Grace. Grace was scared. She hadn't wanted to go up in it but when she saw Doris was going she got in. She clung to Doris.

The wheel went up and up and then down and down . . . a great circle. There was a town, a great circle. Doris could see the town of Langdon, the court house and some office-buildings and the Presbyterian church. She could see, around a shoulder of hill, the smoke stack of the mill. She couldn't see the mill village.

She could see trees where the town was, a lot of trees. They were shade trees before houses in town, before the houses of people who didn't work in any mill but in stores or offices; or who were doctors or lawyers or maybe judges—not having any use for mill people. She could see the river stretching away in a great bend around the town of Langdon. The river was always yellow. It never seemed to get clear. It was golden yellow. It was golden yellow against a blue sky. It was against trees and bushes. It was a sluggish river.

Doris would have liked to see the streets of her mill village from up there. She couldn't. A shoulder of land made it impossible. The Ferris wheel went down. She thought: "I'd like to see where I live, from high up there."

You couldn't rightly say that people like Doris, Nell, Grace, and Fanny lived in their houses. They lived in the mill. All week nearly all of their waking hours were in there.

In the winter they went when it was dark. They came away at night when it was dark. Their lives were walled in, shut in. How could any one ever know who hadn't done it from childhood, through young girlhood and on into womanhood? It was the same with the mill men. They were a special people.

Their lives were in rooms. The life of Nell and Doris in the spinning-room of the Langdon mill was in a room. It was a big light room.

It wasn't ugly. It was big and light. It was wonderful.

Their life was in a little narrow hallway inside a big room. The walls of the hallway were machines. Light came from above. A fine soft spray of water, really mist, came from above. That was to keep the flying thread soft and flexible for the machines.

Flying machines. Singing machines. Machines making walls to a little alive hallway in a big room.

The hallway was narrow. Doris hadn't ever measured how wide it was.

You began as a child. You stayed until you were old or worn out. The machines went up and up. Thread came down and down. It fluttered. You had to keep it damp. It fluttered. If you didn't keep it damp it would be always breaking. In the hot summer the dampness made you sweat more and more. It made you sweat worse. It kept you wringing wet with sweat.

Nell said, "Who gives a damn for us? We're only machines ourselves. Who gives a damn for us?" On some days Nell growled. She swore. She said: "We're making cloth. Who gives a damn? Some whore maybe'll get her a new dress out of some rich man." Nell talked plain. She swore. She hated.

"What difference does it make who gives a damn? Who wants them to give a damn?"

There was lint in the air, fine floating lint. It was what gave some people tu-

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berculosis, some said. It might have given it to Ed's mother, Ma Hoffman. Lying on her couch Ed had made, and coughing. She coughed when Doris was there at night, when Ed was there in the day time, in the afternoon when he was lying in his bed, when he was reading about General Lee or General Grant or Napoleon Bonepart. Doris hoped her kid wouldn't get it.

Nell said: "We work from cansee to cantsee. They got us. They got the bee on us. They know it. They got us hog-tied. We work from cansee to cantsee." Nell was tall, swaggering, profane. Her breasts weren't big, like Doris's . . . almost too big . . . or like Fanny's or too little, just nothing, a flat place, like a man, like Grace's. They were just right, not too big or not too little.

If a man ever got Nell he'd get her hard. Doris knew that. She felt it. She didn't know how she knew, but she knew. Nell would fight and swear and fight. "No, you don't. Damn you. I ain't that kind." "You go to hell."

When she gave up she'd cry like a child.

If a man got her he'd have her. She'd be his. She wouldn't talk about it much but, if a man got her, she'd be his. Doris almost wished she were a man, to try, thinking of Nell.

A girl thought of such things. She had to be thinking about something. All day, every day, thread, thread, thread. It flying, breaking, flying, breaking. Sometimes Doris wished she could swear like Nell. She wished sometimes she were Nell's kind, not her own kind. Grace said, when she was working in the mill on the side where Nell now worked, once at night, after she had come home . . . a hot night . . . she said . . .

Doris was rubbing Grace with her hands, softly, strongly, the way she could rub, not too hard, not too soft. She rubbed her all over. Grace liked it so. She was so tired. She could hardly do her dishes that night. She said: "I got thread in my brain. Rub it there. I got thread in my brain." She kept thanking Doris for rubbing her. "Thank you. O, thank you, Doris," she said.

In the Ferris wheel Grace was scared when it went up. She clung to Doris and shut her eyes. Doris kept hers wide open. She didn't want to miss a thing.

Nell would have looked Jesus Christ in the eyes. She would have looked Napoleon Bonepart in the eyes or Robert E. Lee. Doris's husband thought Doris was that way too, but she wasn't just the way her husband thought she was. She knew that. Once Ed talked to his mother about Doris. Doris didn't hear it. It was in the afternoon when Ed had woke up and when Doris was at work. He said: "If she had a thought against me she'd tell it. If she had even a thought about another man she'd tell me." It wasn't true. If Doris had heard it she would have laughed. "He's got me wrong," she would have said. He couldn't have known about the thoughts she sometimes had about other men, like that young red-haired man in the mill, the one they all thought was maybe a spy. What would have been the use telling him that?

You could be in a room with Doris and she'd be there and not there. She'd never get on your nerves. Nell said that once to Fanny and it was true.

She didn't say: "Look. Here I am. I'm Doris. Pay attention to me." She didn't care whether you paid attention or not.

Her husband Ed could be in a room. He could be reading there on a Sunday. Doris would be lying down too, on the same bed, beside Ed. Ed's mother could be lying on the front porch on the couch Ed had made for her. Ed would have put it out there for her so she could get the air.

It would be hot summer.

The baby could be out there playing on the porch. He could be crawling around. Ed had made a little fence so he couldn't crawl off the porch. Ed's mother could watch him. Her cough kept her awake.

Ed could be on the bed beside Doris. He could be thinking about the people in the book he was reading. If he had been a writer, he could have been on the bed beside Doris writing his books. Nothing in her said: "Look at me. Pay attention to me." It never did.

Nell said: "She goes toward you. She's warm toward you." If Nell had been a man she'd have been after Doris. She said to Fanny once: "I'd be after her. I'd want her."

Doris never hated any one. She never hated anything.

Doris could rub warmth into people. She could rub relaxation into people, with her hands. Sometimes when she was in the spinning-room at the mill, keeping up her side, her breasts hurt. After she got Ed and her baby, she nursed her baby early, when she woke up. Her baby woke her up early. She gave him a little warm drink again before she went off to work.

She went home and nursed her baby again at noon. In the night she nursed him. On Saturday nights the baby slept with her and Ed.

Ed had nice feelings. Before she married him, when they were going together . . . they both worked in the mill then too . . . Ed had a day job then . . . Ed used to walk with her. He used to sit in Doris's mother's and father's house with her at night in the dark.

Doris had been in the mill, in the spinning-room, since she was twelve. So had Ed been. He had been in the loom room since he was fifteen.

On the day when Doris was in the Ferris wheel with Grace . . . Grace clinging to her . . . Grace with her eyes shut because she was afraid . . . Fan and Nell in the next seat below . . . Fan whooping with laughter . . . Nell yelled.

Doris kept seeing things.

She saw two fat Negro women, far off, fishing in the river.

She saw cotton fields, far off.

There was a man driving an automobile in a road between cotton fields. He made a red dust.

She saw some of the buildings of the town of Langdon and the smoke stack at the cotton mill where she worked.

There was a man selling patent medicine in a field near the one where the fair was being held. Doris saw him. He had only Negroes gathered about him. He was on the back of a truck. He was selling patent medicine to niggers.

She saw a crowd, a surging crowd on the fairgrounds, Negroes and whites, lint-heads (cotton-mill workers) and niggers. Most of the mill girls hated Negroes. Doris didn't.

She saw a young man she knew. He was the strong-looking red-headed

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young town man who had got a job in the mill.

He had been there working twice. He came one summer and then the next summer he didn't come. Now he was back again. He was a sweeper. The girls in the mill said: "I'll bet he's a spy. What else is he? If he isn't a spy why would he be here?"

He worked in the mill the first time. Doris wasn't married then. Then he went away and some one said he went to college. Doris got married to Ed the next summer.

Then he came back. It was tight times with people being laid off but he got a job back. They had put in the stretch-out and they were laying people off and there was talk of a union. "Let's have a union."

"Mr. Shaw won't stand for it. The sup won't stand for it."

"I don't care. Let's have a union."

Doris didn't get laid off. She had to work a longer side. Ed had to do more. He could hardly do what he did do before. When that young fellow with the red hair . . . they called him "Red" . . . when he came back they all said he must be a spy.

There was a woman, a strange woman, came to town and got hold of Nell and told her who to write to about a union and Nell came at night, on a Saturday night, to the Hoffman house and said to Doris: "Can I speak to Ed, Doris?" and Doris said, "Yes." She wanted Ed to write to some people to get a union, to send some one. "A communist one, I hope," she said. She had heard that was the worse kind. She wanted the worse. Ed was afraid. He wouldn't at first. "It's hard times," he said, "it's Hoover times." He said he wouldn't at first.

"It's no time," he said. He was scared. "I'll get fired or laid off," he said, but Doris said: "Ah, go ahead," and Nell said: "Ah, go ahead," and he did.

Nell said: "Don't tell a soul. Don't tell a damn soul." It was exciting.

The red-haired young man had come back to work in the mill. His poppy had been a doctor in Langdon and he used to doctor sick mill people but he had died. He was on the square . . .

His son was just a sweeper in the mill. He played ball on the mill ball team and was a crack player. That day, when Doris was at the fair, in the Ferris wheel, she saw him. The mill ball team usually played ball on the ball field the mill owned, right by the mill, but that day they were playing right near the fair. It was a big day for mill people.

There was to be a dance that night at the fair on a big platform—ten cents. There were two platforms, one for niggers, one for whites, not very near. Grace and Nell and Doris didn't intend to stay. Doris couldn't. Fanny stayed. Her husband came and she stayed.

There was to be a greased pig caught after the baseball game. They didn't stay for that. They went on home after the Ferris-wheel ride.

Nell said, speaking of that young red-haired man from town who played on the mill ball team: "I'll bet he's a spy," she said. "The damn rat," she said, "the skunk. I'll bet he's a spy."

They were having the union formed. Ed got letters. He was afraid they'd get onto him every time he got a letter. "What's in it?" Doris asked. It was exciting. He got cards to be signed up to join the union. There was a man coming. There was to be a big open union meeting to come out in the open as soon as they had enough signed up. It wasn't communist. Nell had been wrong about that. It was just a union, not the worse kind. Nell said to Ed: "They can't fire you for that."

"Yes they can. The hell they can't." He was scared. Nell said she bet young Red Oliver was a damn spy. Ed said: "I'll bet he is."

Doris knew he wasn't. She said he wasn't.

"How do you know?"

"I just know."

When she was in the spinning-room of the mill at work she could just see in the daytime, down the long passageway, lined with the flying bobbins on both sides, a little piece of sky. There was a little piece of tree, the limb of a tree, somewhere far off, over by the river maybe . . . you couldn't see it always, only when a wind blew. A wind blew and swayed it and then, if you looked up just then, you saw it. She had been seeing it since she was twelve. Lots of times she had thought, "When I get outside some time I'm going to look and see where that tree is," but when she got outside she couldn't tell. She had been seeing it since she was twelve. She was eighteen now. There weren't any threads in her head. There weren't any threads in her legs from standing so long where thread was made.

That young man, that red-haired young man used to give her the eye. Grace, when he was there first, didn't know and Nell didn't know. She wasn't married to Ed the first time. Ed didn't know.

He got around that way when he could. He came and looked at her. She looked at him, like that.

Doris's breasts hurt in the late afternoon when she was in the mill. They began hurting steadily before quitting time, when she had her baby and hadn't weaned him yet. She was weaning him but hadn't got him weaned. When she was in the mill, before she married Ed and when that red-haired young man came around and looked at her, she felt funny. That day, when she was in the Ferris wheel and saw Red Oliver playing baseball with the mill team and was looking at him he was at bat and he hit a ball hard and ran.

It was nice to see him run. He was young and strong. He didn't see her of course. Her breasts began to hurt a little. It made her think of her kid. When the Ferris-wheel ride was over and they came down and had got out she told the rest she guessed she'd have to be getting along back home. "I got to go home," she said. "I got to nurse my kid."

Nell and Grace went with her. They came home by the railroad tracks. It was a shorter way. Fanny started with them, but she met her husband and he said, "Let's stay," and so she stayed.

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